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ANTOINE LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLÉANS,

Duke of Montpensier.

MEMOIRS

OF

HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

ANTONY-PHILIP D'ORLEANS,

DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,

PRINCE OF THE BLOOD,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

LONDON:

TREUTTEL AND WÜRTZ, TREUTTEL JUN. AND RICHTER,

30, SOHO SQUARE.

1824.

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1824

[illegible]

NOTICE

OF THE

DUKE OF MONTPENSIER.

ANTONY-PHILIP D'ORLEANS, duke of Montpensier, second son of Louis-Philip-Joseph, duke of Orleans, and of Louisa-Maria-Adélaïde de Bourbon Penthièvre, was born on the 3d of July, 1775. He was educated along with his brothers by Madame de Genlis, according to the system traced by J. J. Rousseau, in his *Emilius*. He displayed, when very young, a great taste for the fine arts; his understanding was very refined; he wrote feelingly; and cultivated painting successfully.

At the period of the Revolution, participating the sentiments of the duke of Chartres (the present duke of Orleans), and desirous of concurring with him in the

defence of the French territory, he entered, as a sub-lieutenant, into the 14th dragoons, of which his brother was colonel. When the duke of Chartres was made a general officer, the duke of Montpensier became his aide-de-camp. He was present at the battle of Valmy, and his conduct on that day gained him the honourable testimony contained in the letter of general Kellermann.

"*Head quarters at Dampierre-sur-Auve,*
"*the* 21*st Sept.* 1792, 9 *o'clock, p. m.*

. . . . . .

"Finding it difficult to select, I shall only mention "among those who exhibited the greatest courage, M. "de Chartres, and his aide-de-camp, M. de Montpensier, "whose extreme youth renders their coolness, in one of "the steadiest fires ever witnessed, extremely remark-"able." (*Moniteur*, 22d September, 1792.)

Having been nominated lieutenant-colonel and adjutant-general, he again signalized his bravery at Gemmappes. In the course of the winter, he passed under the orders of general Biron, who commanded the army of Italy; but in the month of April, 1793, being included in the decree, common to the whole family of the

Bourbons, he was arrested at Nice, and transferred to Marseilles to the fortress of Notre-Dame de la Garde, to which place there were brought shortly afterwards the duke of Orleans, his father; the count de Beaujolais, his brother; the duchess of Bourbon; and the prince of Conti.

We must leave to the prince himself the task of relating his long captivity. His memoirs exhibit the details of his personal sufferings, mingled with a notice of the most important public events. His narrative is replete with interest; adds new features to the picture of that period; and presents, above all, with frightful fidelity, the image of the excesses by which, from opposite feelings, the south of France was successively distracted.

The duke of Montpensier had languished for forty-three months in the prisons of Marseilles, when the Executive Directory promised to set him and his brother Beaujolais at liberty; but exacted, as the price of their freedom, that their eldest brother, the duke of Orleans, should quit Europe, and that they should follow him.

That prince, ever since his departure from France,

where he had been proscribed after the battle of Nerwinder, in 1793, had successively, under fictitious names, wandered over the Swiss mountains, visited subsequently part of Germany, Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and the North Cape. In 1796, he happened to be in the duchy of Holstein, and it was there that the minister of the French republic at Bremen, transmitted to him, after a long search, a letter from his mother, the duchess of Orleans, who, in the most moving terms, supplicated her son, for her sake, and that of her other children, to leave Europe, and repair to America. The duke of Orleans made not the least hesitation; he sailed for Philadelphia from Hamburgh, and his departure was the signal for the liberation of the duke of Montpensier and count Beaujolais. They embarked at Marseilles for America. They had a long and disagreeable passage, were detained twenty-three days by contrary winds in the Mediterranean, and did not arrive in America until February, 1797, when they rejoined the duke of Orleans. In this new hemisphere the fortunes of the three brothers became united; after so long a separation they felt desirous of not again quitting each other. They determined first to travel in the interior of the United States, and repaired to Baltimore, and from thence to Virginia.

They paid a visit to general Washington at Mount Vernon; that great man having, before his presidency expired, invited them to come and see him in his retreat. We need not follow them, either among the Cherokees, a savage nation, with whom they spent two days to be present at their festivals; or into the desert of the Six Nations in Canada; or to the famous cataract of Niagara, a view of which the duke of Montpensier (who was fond of collecting in his portfolio sketches of the most picturesque scenes he met with) painted, which is now to be seen in the gallery of the Palais Royal, along with several other pictures by him. The three brothers supported cheerfully the fatigues of this long and tiresome journey across uninhabited regions: they were young; they had met again after long sufferings; they were travelling together without the least restraint, in a country, new, and full of interest to Europeans. Some pleasure was mixed with the hardships of their situation.

Shortly after their return to Philadelphia, in July, 1797, the yellow-fever broke out in that city. The sons of the richest heirs of Europe could not, for want of money, quit a place, to reside in which was at the risk of death. It was not until the month of September, that

by their mother's momentary re-integration in her property, they succeeded in obtaining the funds necessary to undertake a second journey. They first repaired to New York, from thence to Massachusets, New Hampshire, and Main. On their return to Boston, they learned by the public papers, the *deportation* of their excellent mother. They immediately set out for Philadelphia; where, being informed that the duchess had been sent to Spain, their first wish was that of going to join her; but the poverty they were again reduced to, and the war between England and Spain, presented obstacles to their desires which were almost insurmountable. Only one method appeared practicable to them; that was, to repair first to Louisiana, which then belonged to Spain; from that to the Havannah, from whence Spanish ships of war were occasionally despatched to Europe, on board of one of which the three brothers flattered themselves with obtaining a passage.

They left Philadelphia on the 10th of December, 1797; descended, in the midst of the ice, the Ohio and the Mississippi as far as New Orleans, where they received the most flattering attentions from the governor and inhabitants. There they took shipping for the

Havannah. The Spanish government having sent orders to the captain-general of that island not to suffer them to remain there any longer, their ideas turned towards Great Britain, as the only asylum still open to their misfortunes. They embarked in a small vessel, which carried them to New York; an English packet conveyed them from thence to Falmouth; and they arrived in London at the commencement of the year 1800. There the duke of Montpensier was destined to close his career. The last years of his existence were cheered by the cultivation of the arts, and the tender friendship of his brothers; but he had long exhibited symptoms of a pulmonary complaint, which carried him off in the month of May, 1807.* He is interred in Westminster Abbey,

* The count de Beaujolais was attacked by the same complaint. The London physicians recommended him to remove to a milder climate than that of England. The political state of Europe left him no choice but Malta or Madeira. He was unwilling to undertake the voyage, but the duke of Orleans having promised to accompany him, he yielded. The two brothers arrived at Malta in the beginning of May, 1808; but the physicians there having declared that the air of the island was pernicious to such complaints, the duke of Orleans wrote to the king of Sicily, Ferdinand IV. for permission to remove his brother to the environs of Mount Etna. Before the answer arrived, the count de Beaujolais had breathed his last. He was 28 years of age.

and the following epitaph has been placed upon his tomb:—

PRINCEPS ILLUSTRISSIMUS ET SERENISSIMUS
ANTONIUS-PHILIPPUS, DUX DE MONTPENSIER,
REGIBUS ORIUNDUS,
DUCIS AURELIANENSIS FILIUS NATU SECUNDUS,
A TENERA JUVENTUTE
IN ARMIS STRENUUS,
IN VINCULIS INDOMITUS,
IN ADVERSIS REBUS NON FRACTUS,
IN SECUNDIS NON ELATUS,
ARTIUM LIBERALIUM CULTOR ASSIDUUS,
URBANUS, JUCUNDUS, OMNIBUS COMIS;
FRATRIBUS, PROPINQUIS, AMICIS, PATRIÆ
NUNQUAM NON DEFLENDUS,
UTCUNQUE FORTUNÆ VICISSITUDINES
EXPERTUS,
LIBERALI TAMEN ANGLORUM HOSPITALITATE
EXCEPTUS,
HOC DEMUM IN REGUM ASYLO
REQUIESCIT.

NAT. III JULII M.DCC.LXXV.
OB. XVIII MAII M.DCCC.VII. ÆTAT. XXXII.
IN MEMORIAM FRATRIS DILECTISSIMI
LUDOVICUS-PHILIPPUS, DUX AURELIANENSIS,
HOC MARMOR POSUIT.

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MEMOIRS

OF

THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER.

MY CAPTIVITY OF FORTY-THREE MONTHS.

THIS long and painful captivity commenced in the beginning of April, 1793. The head-quarters of the army of Italy were then at Nice, and I had joined it a short time before, in the capacity of lieutenant-colonel and adjutant-general. The army was commanded by the duke of Biron; and this brave and excellent man gave me daily fresh proofs of his attachment to our family, as well as of the rectitude of his intentions. I went to dine with him on the 8th

of April, (a fatal day, which I never can forget). Not finding him in the drawing-room, I proceeded toward the door of his closet, when I saw him coming out hastily, with marks of strong agitation. He shuddered at seeing me; and told me in a low voice that he wanted to speak to me in private. I went immediately into his closet with him; and, when he had fastened the door, he exclaimed,—"You see a man in despair: I have dreadful news to tell you." Immediately supposing that some misfortune had happened to my brother, or to my father, I eagerly enquired whether my apprehensions were just. "No," answered he, "the business concerns yourself only."—"If so, I am easy: but tell me, general, what misfortune threatens myself?"—"I have just received orders to arrest you, and to send you under a good escort to the prisons of the Abbey at Paris."—"But is this order specially confined to me?"—"To you only: nothing is said of the rest of your family; and, if it were a general measure, I suppose I should have been

informed of it:—but here is the order, read it yourself."

I read it. It was signed by the members of the Committee of Public Safety, and, in reality, it mentioned no one but me.

"Well, general, I am your prisoner." The tears came into his eyes. "Ah! do justice to my attachment; it is sincere, and unbounded. What can I do? Tell me frankly, I entreat it on my knees. Have you not been guilty of some indiscretion, either in your letters, your conversation, or in some way or other, that has set the present government against you?"—"No: they can scarcely be ignorant of the sentiments with which they inspire me, as well as every honest man: but they do me much honor in being afraid of me."—"What, then you think yourself in danger?"—"It is impossible for a person who has fallen into such hands, to think himself perfectly secure."—"I am in a sad predicament! I would a thousand times rather have been shot through the head than have had such a commission to execute. However,

pray tell me whether you have not some papers that may implicate you, that we may hasten to burn them, before an inventory of them is taken, and they are put under seal?"—"If you will come to my lodgings we will examine them together."—"I must see you home, and place a sentry at your door, and then you may set off for Paris when you please. I will give you an escort of gendarmerie to accompany you on this disagreeable journey."—"No; I beg you will give me no escort: it would be the certain means of causing me to be massacred on the road, by making the jacobins, in every place through which I pass, suppose me an aristocrat, and a counter-revolutionary."—"Very well, it shall be as you wish; but you shall be accompanied by an officer, who will take care to wear a grey surtout."

After this conversation, we went to my lodgings; and though general Biron was desirous of being alone with me for a few minutes, he could not prevent the commandant of the place, La Barre, from following us in. How-

ever, as we knew him to be an honest man, and there was not a moment to be lost in examining my papers before the commissioners arrived, I told him that I was going to take this precaution, and asked him to assist me in the examination.—"Very good," said he: "It is worse than useless to leave any thing for those fellows to lay hold of: let us examine your papers, and make haste!"

Among some letters of no consequence, were two from my eldest brother, in which he expressed himself in strong terms of disapprobation of the turn the cause had taken in which we were engaged; and expressed an extreme desire of detaching himself from it. These letters would have been sufficient to convict me of culpable intelligence with a counter-revolutionary, and consequently to ruin me. La Barre burnt them with an eagerness which inspired me with real gratitude, particularly as I had never had the least intimacy with him. This La Barre had been a lieutenant-colonel previous to the Revolution, and was at that time

colonel of the Lorraine regiment of dragoons, and commandant of the town of Nice. He was made a major-general some time after, and was killed in an action against the Spaniards. I have sincerely regretted that it was never in my power to testify to this worthy man how sensible I was of his kindness.

To return to my story. The municipal officers sent by the commissioners of the Convention to put the seal on my papers, arrived a few minutes after the two letters were destroyed. They found nothing: but, not to lose their labour entirely, they put seals on some letters of no consequence, public papers, and blank writing paper. After this feat, and the examination of all my effects, they went away in no very good humour. The disconsolate Biron, who remained during the ceremony, then came to me, pressed my hand warmly, and hastened away, leaving his hat and gloves behind him. I sent them to him; and availed myself of the opportunity to write him a note, in which I renewed with great sincerity the assurances of

my warm friendship, and expressed to him how sensibly I felt the marks of attachment he had just given me. He sent me a verbal answer, that I had afforded him real consolation, by convincing him of my doing justice to his sentiments; but that his heart was bursting, and he found it necessary continually to recal to mind, that my age (I was then but seventeen and a half) and the little advantage that could arise from sacrificing me, secured me against all danger.*

* "The duke of Biron, celebrated, first, under the name of the duke de Lauzun, for his adventurous gallantry, wit, and courage, was most ardently attached to the whole family of Orleans. His connexion with the duke of Orleans commenced with their entrance into the world. They were of the same age; and a similarity of tastes, habits, and opinions, rendered this connexion familiar and intimate. Conveyed to the Conciergerie, he appeared, on the 31st of December, 1793, before the revolutionary tribunal, by which he was immediately condemned to death. The duke of Biron heard the decree with stoical calmness. On his return to prison, his philosophy resumed that character of Epicurean indifference which had accompanied his happier

The person to whom I had given this commission, informed me, that the sentry at my door had no countersign, and that, probably, not knowing me, and perhaps not even aware that he was guarding me, it would be very easy for me to go away if I wished it. I have thought since, that this circumstance, which seemed to proceed from forgetfulness, or absence of mind, was a good-natured contrivance of M. de Biron to enable me to escape, for he was much more afflicted and uneasy than myself. Be that as it may, I resolved, after a little reflection, not to avail myself of the op-

years; he ordered some oysters and white wine. The executioner entered as he was taking this last repast. "My friend," said Biron, "I will attend you; but let me finish my oysters. You must require strength for the business you have to perform: you shall drink a glass of wine with me." Biron filled a glass for the executioner, another for the turnkey, and one for himself; and went to the place of execution, where he met death with the courage that distinguished almost all the victims of that fearful period."—(Extracted from the *Biographie des Contemporains.*)—Note of the Editors.

portunity. I was certain of escaping, if I had wished it: but what was liberty to me, or even my life (supposing it to be in danger, of which I was not certain), if I had thus sacrificed to apprehensions, perhaps frivolous, the peace and safety of the beloved persons whom I should have left in France, and who would certainly have been punished on my account. This consideration determined me, and I gave up all idea of flight.

My brother was in very different circumstances. Having had occasion to express his sentiments at the same time with general Dumourier, he could have no doubt of the fate that awaited him. He set off—and did right. For my part, I was wholly ignorant of what was passing in the army of Dumourier; my brother despatched a courier in disguise to inform me of it; but, though he used the utmost diligence, he did not arrive till thirty hours after my arrest; and met me about forty leagues from Nice, under the guard of an officer of gendarmerie. My valet-de-chambre, who was on

horseback, recollected the courier, who asked him where I was. The courier, hearing that I was conveying to prison, requested my valet-de-chambre, not to mention him to any person, not even to myself, and gave himself out simply as a bearer of despatches to general Biron.*

I left Nice about eight in the evening, with an officer of gendarmerie, and a quarter-master in my carriage, and my valet-de-chambre on horseback. Nothing remarkable happened, till we reached Aix, except that in passing through the town of Brignoles, a number of jacobins assembled in the great square, stopped my carriage, and demanded a sight of our passports. The officer, who was a very brave man, and who on similar occasions had saved the lives of several persons, whom he was conducting to prison, answered firmly, that he was carrying despatches to the Convention, and none but enemies to the public weal would retard his progress. They cried, that they would see his

*I knew nothing of this till long after.

orders, for they believed us to be aristocrats in disguise. The officer whispered to me; "If I show them my orders, you are a lost man; for, when they know who you are, they will cut you to pieces: but don't be alarmed, they shall take my life before they have yours." Then, addressing them, he said, that he could not entrust his papers, or what he had in charge, which was in the carriage, to any one; but if they would send the mayor, or the *procureur de la commune*, he would show them his orders. To this they consented grumblingly; and when the persons abovementioned came to the coach door, my brave guard (whose name was Pelissier) read his orders to them, arranging them in his own way; and then showing them the signatures of the commissioners of the Convention and the general-in-chief, he said: "You see I am acting under proper authority, and that my mission is important; therefore let me not be detained any longer." With this, ordering the postilion to go on, we departed, though the people continued to call after us, "Stop! stop!"

We reached Aix on the 11th of April, at two o'clock in the morning. We intended merely to pass through the city without stopping, and to proceed as speedily as possible to Paris; for my officer of gendarmerie, who had already to deal with the jacobins of the south, assured me, that he should not be at ease till he had conveyed me out of their country, and that he should think me in great danger, as long as I was in it.* But we found at the gate of Aix, a numerous guard, that stopped our carriage, surrounded it, and took us to the municipality. There we underwent a sort of examination; I say *we*, for my guard, who was suspected of being an aristocrat in disguise, had likewise to answer their interrogatories. It was in vain he protested against the delay of the execution of his orders, and declared, that they who thus conducted themselves, were guilty of disobedience to the authorities: these gentlemen paid

* Neither he nor I could then foresee that I should not get out of this formidable south, and that this would prove the means of my being saved.

no regard to it, and smiling sarcastically from the pleasure they felt at such a caption, ordered us into an adjoining room, there to wait the result of their deliberations. My guard was in a rage; but he was under the necessity of obeying; and I could not avoid complimenting him on being transformed from a guard into a prisoner like myself. He took my joke in very good part, and assured me, that my safety was the principal object of the representations he had made, and of his vexation at their want of success; "For," added he, "I know nothing more contemptible and disgusting than these beings, who, to please a vile mob, would not hesitate to sacrifice the most innocent and respectable lives." As we were conversing on this melancholy subject alone, in a large room adjoining that where the sittings of the municipality were held, we heard a great noise without. Many voices cried, "We will go in!" others, "You shall not!" Repeated blows were given to the folding doors, which were soon forced open. A mob of the lower class of

people, in red caps, and the true *sans culotte* dress, entered the hall. Fortunately for us, several officers and soldiers of the national guard arrived at the same time, exclaiming, "Citizens, by whose orders have you entered here, and forced the guard placed at the door?" One of them answered, "By orders of the people; do not you know that the people is sovereign?" The argument was unanswerable. "Besides," said another, "we do not mean to harm any one; we are only come to see the prisoners, who are concealed from us, and whom we want to know." At this juncture several municipal officers, in their scarves, entered, who requested them to withdraw, which they did immediately.

After this scene, at which, as may be supposed, we were not a little alarmed, we waited nearly two hours longer in the hall; and it was about five in the morning, when we were conducted again into that into which we were shown at first. There we now found the administration of the district, which had joined the

municipality, to deliberate on our fate. The president then made known to us the determination of the assembly; reading to us a decree, which expressed, that we were to be detained at Aix, till they could consult the administration of the department, which was at Marseilles, and to which a courier had just been despatched. My companion again renewed his objections; but they were useless; and he was even ordered to be silent. I then addressed them, to say that I was overpowered with sleep, and to request that I might be allowed to take a little repose in any place whatever. In fact, I could scarcely keep my eyes open as I stood. My request was granted, and we were conducted into a room, where I lay down in my clothes; I did not awake till near noon. Some breakfast was brought me, after which I was informed that the people of Aix were very desirous of seeing me; that they had no intention to do me any harm; but that it was necessary to satisfy their curiosity; that they were going, therefore, to open the doors, and every

body would come to look at me. I confess this ceremony displeased me greatly; but I had no remedy but to submit; as it would have been folly to attempt to oppose it. I merely took a book to distract my attention; but being soon tired of their eager looks, I asked those who came nearest to me, whether they thought my nose, mouth, and eyes, were nearly in the same place as their own. As the room was too small to hold all the curious, they were introduced in succession, and this amusement continued till the evening; that is, till about five or six o'clock.

The next day, the 12th of April, I was informed in the morning, that two administrators had just arrived from Marseilles, with an order to conduct me to that city, there to be detained till they could receive orders from the Convention, to which a courier had just been despatched. The administrators entered shortly after; they spoke to me civilly enough, communicated their orders, and informed me that I should be escorted to Marseilles by a company

of grenadiers of the national guard, and thus they would be answerable for my person. I assured them I had no uneasiness on that score, and they might do with me whatever they pleased. The officer of gendarmerie found an opportunity soon after of whispering to me—"They mean to separate me from you, which I learned last night; as I did your journey to Marseilles. This gave me more uneasiness, as I know the populace of that city to be atrocious; but I was assured that your conductors would keep them in order, and there was no intention to harm you." I thanked him warmly for the concern he expressed for me, and hearing myself called by the administrators, I went out with them amid a numerous guard. We went into the carriage, and thus left the city of Aix, all the streets of which were full of people. Scarcely were we out of the town, when one of the administrators told me, that if I would follow his advice, I should quit the carriage, and perform the journey on foot; that we should find an immense crowd awaiting me at Marseilles;

and though there was no danger, they had resolved to send my empty carriage through the great streets most frequented, while I proceeded in the midst of them to the department, through by-streets. I thanked them for their precautions, and immediately followed their advice, alighting from the carriage, and contenting myself to walk on foot the eight leagues from Aix to Marseilles. On the road I was compelled to hear the most shocking and indecorous expressions from several of the grenadiers who composed my escort. "Ah!" said one of them, "we have cut down the trunk indeed;* but the business will be only half done, unless we exterminate all the shoots, as otherwise the tree may sprout again." A general laugh accompanied this witticism, and evinced that the application was not overlooked. Another then took up the conversation, and sought to gain the applause of his comrades by similar means. For my part, I

* Alluding to the death of the King, Louis XVI.

affected to pay no attention to it, and occupied myself during the time, in putting questions to those who were near me, respecting the country, the houses, and the gardens we saw on the road. One of them, whose manners were very civil, approaching me, said in a low voice: "I am grieved that you should have heard the infamous expressions of those rascals: but do not let them affect you; and be assured, that you are at this moment surrounded by honest men, who are interested in your fate." I expressed my gratitude to this brave fellow, as well and as quickly as I could. "The pleasure you have given me," I said to him, "amply relieves the painful sensation I had just experienced."

We dined midway; and about six in the evening we arrived at the suburbs of Marseilles. I found, as I had been told, a considerable multitude impatiently waiting the arrival of the prisoner of state, who was bringing to them. The municipality and administrators of the department and of the district, dressed in their scarves, also came to meet me; they said, to protect my entrance. They surrounded me,

and two of them took me each by the arm. "Do not be alarmed!" said they, "all this is only for your safety." I answered, "I had no doubt of it, and that I was far from having the least fear;" but I thought in my own mind, that all this formality was calculated only to make me appear a great culprit in the eyes of the people, and thus cause me to be massacred. However, we proceeded pretty quietly, though occasionally there was a violent pressure on us; and several of the lower class displayed the most threatening gestures toward me. At length we arrived at a large house, which I supposed to be that of the *department;* and we entered a hall, where I was glad to rest myself, for I was greatly fatigued. The president went into the balcony, and made a tolerably long speech to the people, recommending to them to be peaceable; assuring them, that, if the prisoner were guilty, the law would do justice on him; but they must remember, that this was the right of the law alone. After this, he paid the national guard many compliments on its zeal and vigilance. He then returned to me, and said, in a

very friendly manner, that I must be much fatigued, but that I should be sent presently to a place where I could take some repose. "You will not be too well accommodated," added he, "but a soldier knows what it is to pass bad nights, and you may depend upon not being left there long." A few minutes after, these gentlemen told me to follow them; and after having gone through several passages, we entered a small one, looking into a very gloomy court, where I noticed that an iron grate was closed after us. At the end of this passage, was a dark hole, about nine feet square, intolerably dirty and stinking, without any light but from a little grated air-hole opening into the court; so that the place was perfectly dark, though it was still light enough without.

I confess I could not at first believe that this was the abode intended for me; and was petrified when the president of the department said to me: "Citizen, we are sorry we cannot put you into a better place than this; but your safety requires it; endeavour therefore to have

patience, till a lodging equally secure and less filthy is prepared for you." "This place," answered I, "is certainly intended only for criminals; and I hope, that you will not as yet treat me as one." "No: but, once for all, we cannot accommodate you better now: consider, it is for your security. We will furnish you with mattresses, chairs, a table, every thing you want, and you will do *very well*:—good night, citizen!" With this they departed. I made no answer to this salutation; but, after I had recovered from the sort of stupor into which I had been plunged, I was glad to find that I was not shut into the dark hole, but was left at liberty to go as far as the grate at the end of the little passage. I immediately availed myself of this, to go and ask if I could not have a light. An instant after, a little man, in a red cap, made his appearance, with a pipe in his mouth, a bunch of keys at his girdle, and perfectly resembling the jailors I had seen at the theatres. He had a lantern in his hand; and after shutting the grate, and surveying me for some time,

said to me,—"The law does not allow you candles; but prisoners, who have money, can be supplied with what they want: besides, I have orders to be careful of you." He did not express himself in very good French, for he spoke the Provençal dialect, which I then found it difficult to understand, though I had time enough afterwards to accustom myself to it. "You may be satisfied," I said, "as to being paid: I suppose you are the turnkey here. But tell me, what place is this?"—"Why don't you know that you are in the Palace of Justice?"—"No, I did not: but is not this the place where criminals are confined?"—"No, that is lower down; you are on the civil side: the criminals are still worse off, and, accordingly, they annoy me dreadfully, and you will hear them to-morrow; they are in bed now, but in the day time they make a horrible noise!" When he had brought a light, I returned to my hole, to take some rest, but it was so damp, and there was such a stench, that it was impossible. I complained of this, and he

offered to burn a faggot in it for me, which I accepted with pleasure.—"As to the dirt," said he, "we will sweep it all out by daylight, to-morrow." He kindled the faggot, and went away.

I was sitting by the fire, and abandoning myself to my melancholy reflections, when I heard a mournful voice behind me exclaim,—"They are going to burn me! They are going to burn me!" I turned round, and saw an old man, with a long grey beard, covered with rags, hastily ascending a little staircase, which the darkness had prevented my seeing, at the extremity of my dungeon. I knew not at first what to think of this apparition; but I afterwards imagined that he was some poor creature whose brain was turned by his imprisonment. However it might be, I was surprised and distressed at his appearance. When my jailor returned, I told him what had happened, and interrogated him on the subject. He burst out into a laugh, and said,—"O, it is the old mayor of Salon; he is lodged over your head, and probably came

down to warm himself. He has been here these two months; but he may act the madman as he pleases, he will not escape the guillotine!" In fact, the poor creature was dragged to it some time after, without any proof of his not being mad. What weight could such a circumstance have in the eyes of those monsters, when they had marked their victims!

My jailor, who was a great gossip, and did not know very well who I was, though he had some notion of it, endeavoured to satisfy himself by the following questions.—"They say you were formerly a nobleman, and very rich too: is it true?"—"You know as well as I, no doubt."—"No, faith! I have only to guard the prisoners, and take care of them; for I am but second here (he was only an under turnkey), and I never ask whether a man's name be Peter or James. I have only heard that you are rich; and, zounds! I was vexed that they should imprison a young man like you, for you look very young, and like a good fellow!" I thanked him for his compli-

ment, but did not satisfy his curiosity. Finding I was not disposed to relish his conversation, he went away; but a moment after he returned, accompanied by my valet-de-chambre, the sight of whom gave me great joy. His name was Gamache, and he had been in my service from my infancy, without ever having quitted me. He had solicited, and obtained permission to wait upon me in prison, and even to execute any commissions for me in the town, on condition of being attended by a guard, and searched both at coming in and going out. He brought me a little bundle of linen, a few books, and, in addition, the news that my portmanteau would be sent the next day, after it had been examined. His arrival gave me the more pleasure, as I had despaired of having this consolation. For his part, he was so struck at the appearance of my room, that he could not utter a single word: he stood motionless for some moments, and his eyes, fixed on the walls of the dungeon, filled with tears. At length he exclaimed,—"Oh,

my God! is it here then? What have we done to Heaven—my dear Lord God!" (This was a favorite expression with him).—"Come, my poor Gamache," said I to him, "do not let us despair, for that would only make us more unhappy: you must be hungry, ask if we cannot have some supper." He did as I bade him; assuring me, however, that he had not the least appetite. Some time after, supper was brought me; and I ate a little, to keep life within me. As for Gamache, after many entreaties, he consented to eat also, and to drink a glass of wine, which was of great service to him. Afterwards we lay down, each on a mattrass which had been brought us. Our door was now fastened by two or three bolts; this being the first time I heard the grating sound of rusty iron, though I had time enough afterward to become accustomed to it; and sleep soon drowned the gloomy ideas that harassed me.

On awaking next morning, I found my new apartment gained nothing by being seen by daylight; and the sensation I then felt was

even more terrible than I can express. The door being closed, the light entered only through a small aperture about a foot square, which was darkened by two rows of bars with a grating; and, that nothing might be wanting to the horror of this abode, a noisome smell pervaded it. Soon after we awoke, however, a man came to open our door, which afforded us a little more light, though not much, for, as I have already said, the little passage (of the enjoyment of which I was soon after deprived), looked only into a very gloomy court. The little light that came in, however, was sufficient to enable us to discover the cause of the insufferable stench, of which we did not cease to complain. I requested the turnkey to perform the promise he made me the day before, of cleaning out this shocking place; and at the same time asked him, what poor creatures had been placed there before me. He coolly said, they were two servant girls, one a *thief;* the other *a receiver of stolen goods;* who had been condemned to six years imprisonment in irons.

In the course of the day I was visited by several of the municipal officers and administrators, who informed me, that, in conformity to a decree they had just passed, two of them would remain constantly with me as guards, relieving each other every twenty-four hours. Nothing could be more odious to me than such a restriction; for, besides the unpleasantness of having new faces always about me, I felt how much I should be obliged to take care that not a word capable of implicating me, should escape my lips; well assured, that every thing I said would receive the most unfavorable interpretation, and be reported immediately to the municipality and administrators. The idea of such an inquisition alarmed me: the only thing that consoled me a little was the hope that my lodging would appear very disagreeable to those gentlemen, and that their own interest would induce them to give me a better. In this I was not deceived: they complained so bitterly of being obliged to pass four-and-twenty hours in such a place, that I was removed from it four days after.

I was so much the more rejoiced at it, because, in depriving me of the benefit of the little passage, a sentry had been stationed at my door, under pretence that several prisoners' rooms adjoined the passage, and that I must be kept from any communication with them: consequently I was then under the closest restraint. From this place I was removed, as I have said, on the fourth day, and conducted to a chamber, which was at least clean and wholesome, but with three-fourths of its window walled up, and the other part grated, which rendered it very dark. As to my food, it was tolerably good, as well as the accommodation for sleeping, which was a mattrass on a horse bedstead, and I desired nothing more. What was a great restraint on me was the presence of the municipal officers and administrators, who did not leave me a moment, and wearied me with the most foolish questions, and the most stupid conversation. Even in the night, they came, two or three times at least, and held a lantern to my face, to see whether I was asleep. Once I asked them sharply why they did so; but

they answered, they only executed the orders given them. In short, though not blessed with the most patient temper, I was obliged to submit to all these little vexations.

I forgot to mention one circumstance, which, though nothing in itself, gave me more pain and anxiety than all the rest. The morning after my arrival at the *Palais*, Gamache availed himself of the permission given him to go into the town to make some purchases for me, and fetch my trunk. On his return, I observed in his countenance an air of alarm and disquiet, at which I was struck. I could not then enquire the reason, as the turnkey was present; but as soon as we were alone, I hastened to ask him.—"Oh! my God!" cried he, "what have you done? we are ruined! what imprudence!" —"Gamache, are you in your senses? Be calm, tell me what afflicts you so much." Instead of answering me, he continued to sigh, to bemoan himself, and at last asked me whether I knew the marquis de Villeblanche. I now really thought him mad. I had never any

acquaintance with M. de Villeblanche; I had only heard that he had emigrated: but how could he be in the least connected with my present situation, and the despair of Gamache? Of this I could form no conception. When he had a little recovered himself, he told me, that one of the administrators, examining my trunk, had found in the pocket of one of my flannel waistcoats, a little paper, on which was written "M. le marquis de Villeblanche, capitaine de la compagnie noble," &c. at such a place. He could not recollect the name of the corps, or that of the place where it was.—"The administrator," he added, "after having read the paper aloud, put it eagerly into his pocket, saying, 'The devil! this is of consequence! I shall go and make my report immediately!'".

The first thought that entered my mind was, that this cursed paper had been slipped into my pocket, in order to give probability to some calumny that was meant to be employed to ruin me. This thought was not very consolatory, and accordingly I passed the day in a

state of anxiety, which I endeavoured in vain to surmount or conceal, and which the horrible place of my confinement made still more painful. In fine, after having spent part of the night, and of the day following, in torturing my memory, I recollected, that when with the army of Dumourier, I occupied at St. Tron the chamber in which M. de Villeblanche* had lodged a few days before; that I had found on the mantlepiece one of his visiting cards; and that, having thoughtlessly put it into the pocket of the waistcoat I wore, it must have been left there, for it was a winter waistcoat, which I had never worn since. This discovery gave me pleasure; because it showed, at least, that the paper had not been fabricated, and slipped designedly into my pocket: but it was far from dissipating all my fears; since, if it were intended (as I

* The Marquis de Villeblanche, lieutenant-general of the armies of the king, admiral, &c. served in the navy, and was in the engagement off Ushant, in 1778. He was on board the St. Esprit, in which the late Duke of Orleans sailed.—*Editor.*

had reason to apprehend from the manner in which I was treated), to have me condemned to death by some tribunal, this casual incident could be laid hold of as the ground of some calumny, against which it would be the more difficult to justify myself, as the story I had to relate could only appear probable; and I had no proof, or witness, to adduce in support of it. I knew very well that I had nothing to fear before a just and reasonable tribunal; but as I was also aware that it was not before such I should be brought, I confess this trifle gave me great uneasiness. This was not removed till I was interrogated a month afterwards, by the criminal and revolutionary tribunal of Marseilles; when, to my great astonishment, this paper was not mentioned; yet I am inclined to believe, by the minuteness of some of the questions put to me, that, if the judges had been acquainted with it, they would not have failed to have taken advantage of it, to lengthen and perplex my interrogatory. This circumstance led me to believe that the paper had

either fallen into the hands of some person well-disposed toward me, or had been fortunately lost.

To return to my walled and grated chamber. The day after that on which I was removed to it, my guard was a municipal officer, whose appearance bespoke the jacobin. After having remained silent for some time, looking at me with a gloomy countenance, he said—"Is it long since you heard from your eldest brother?" "Yes, very long—the post is now very uncertain, and this deprives me of a great pleasure." "I would advise you, however, to reconcile yourself to it." "Why? Is it resolved to rob me of the consolation of receiving news from my relations?" "Oh, no! it is not that, but—you cannot be ignorant of what has occurred?" "Indeed, I am perfectly so, and I beg you will inform me." "Well, since you wish to know, your brother has betrayed us. He has gone over to the enemy."* Saying

* It is well known that the duke de Chartres (the present duke of Orleans), after the fatal battle of Neerwinden

this, he took out of his pocket a newspaper, in which I read, that my brother had left France at the same time with general Dumourier. I was stunned at this news, of which I was wholly ignorant, notwithstanding all the pains my brother had taken to inform me of it. At first I imagined that this was the cause, or the pretext, of my arrest, and my destruction, though I afterwards found my mistake in this.

a decree of arrest being issued against him, was obliged to quit the army, and France. He arrived, not without danger, at Mons, the head quarters of the prince of Cobourg. The archduke Charles, who was there, gave him a very flattering reception, and offered to take him into the Austrian service, in which he would have had the rank of lieutenant-general. But the duke de Chartres only accepted a passport for Switzerland. He hoped there to seclude himself in a peaceful asylum; but his hopes were disappointed. He could not even obtain refuge in the house of the monks of St. Gothard. Travelling alone, on foot, and without money, he was obliged to conceal himself to save his life, either in the huts of the Alps, or within the walls of a college, where he was admitted as a professor without being known.—*Editor.*

The municipal officer saw what passed in my mind, and seemed to feel great pleasure at it. "You triumph," said I, returning him the paper, "and I will complete your joy by informing you, that you have completed the wretchedness of my present situation." "It appears to me," answered he, "that you are passionate; however, I like that better than dissimulation; and, as you inspire me with confidence, I will tell you frankly, that I am by no means your personal enemy; but that I cannot avoid hating the *ci-devants* in general, for they have ever been, and still are, the authors of all our misfortunes!"

I made no reply to this pleasant speech, and continued silently to give myself up to the most melancholy reflections. In the sequel I had often to experience similar scenes from these gentlemen; some of whom, however, appeared to be better than others; and it was a real satisfaction to me when their turn came; and Gamache did not fail to say—"Well, we shall be at ease for the next twenty-four hours; some of the good ones are to be on guard."

Permission was given to me to subscribe to a circulating library, and to send for such books as I wished, only requiring that they should be carefully examined at coming in and going out. This permission was a great relief to me, though my mind was often too much occupied to attend to subjects unconnected with my misfortunes. At length, after spending twelve days at the Palais, in the little dungeon, and in the walled chamber, I was informed that the Convention had decreed the arrest of all the Bourbons remaining in France, and that they should be conveyed to the fortresses and castles of Marseilles; that they were expected every moment, and when they arrived I should join them, that we might be placed in a fortress together, where they said we should be very comfortable. They added, that my mother had obtained permission to remain at one of her country houses, on account of her health. This news gave me a mixture of joy and grief. The idea of joining my father and my brother Beaujolais gave me a lively satisfaction; but this satisfaction was much diminished, when I

reflected on the motives and place of our being united.

The night after I received this information, I was suddenly awakened about one in the morning, by a municipal officer, who ordered me, somewhat abruptly, to rise and dress myself. I asked the reason of this extraordinary command; but was merely desired to make haste and dress myself, and I should soon know. I obeyed; for I could not help myself. Orders were given for the guard to prepare to march; and, when it was ready, I was led out in the midst of it, between two municipal officers. I breathed the open air with pleasure, though I had been deprived of it only twelve days; but they were the first days of imprisonment, and they appeared to me very long. We were at the harbour, and marching pretty quickly, without my knowing whither I was to be conveyed. At length, by the course we took, I found that they were conducting me to the fortress of Notre-Dame de la Garde. As soon as we entered it, I was informed that my rela-

tions would soon arrive, and that we were conveyed by night, lest we should be exposed to the danger of some popular commotion. A few hours after, I had the consolation of embracing my father and my brother Beaujolais, who entered the room where I was, along with my aunt*, and the prince of Conti†. Some

* My aunt, the duchess of Bourbon, my father's sister.*

† The prince of Conti had opposed the changes preparing in France, as early as the year 1788. His presence at the plenary court; his motion in the assembly of notables, on the 8th of November, 1788; his eagerness to sign the protest of the princes; and his emigration; were so many acts attesting his constant opposition to the new principles. However, he soon returned to France. Being arrested with the other members of his family in 1793, he was conducted to Marseilles, and confined (as is said in his memoirs) in the fortress of St. Jean.—*Editor.*

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* Louisa Maria Theresa Bathilda of Orleans, duchess of Bourbon, born in 1750. Her name, rank, and fortune, destined her, in 1793, to share the calamities promised the other members of her royal family. Mother of the unfortunate duke of Enghien, her heart had subsequently to undergo a still severer trial.—*Editor.*

officers of the gendarmerie, commissioners, municipal officers, and administrators, who entered at the same time, prevented us then from communicating to each other what we were so eager to learn. My aunt, and the prince of Conti complained of the fatigue and sleep that overpowered them, and desired to be conducted to their chambers. From respect to the sex of one, and the age of the other, they had the choice which was their right. A very small chamber only was assigned to my father, and in it were placed two beds, one for himself, the other for Beaujolais. The smallest of all fell to my lot. When all these arrangements were made, I went to my father and Beaujolais, in their chamber, and we reciprocally communicated to each other all the particulars of our arrest. The gay and even temper of my father appeared to me still the same, notwithstanding what he had suffered, finding in every thing some source of consolation.—"We are, at least, very happy," said he to me, "that they have not separated us."

Alas! we were not long allowed this consolation; but nothing could shake the firmness, or even the tranquillity of him who experienced such a cruel reverse of fortune. As to my aunt, beholding the hand of God in every thing, she resigned herself devoutly to her fate; but it was not so with the prince of Conti. His alarms at the slightest circumstance; his continual complaints of the most trifling inconveniences; and his dress of the last century; would have excited laughter in a person the most disposed to respect his rank, his age, and his misfortunes. As I never knew any thing of him but by his new-year's-day visits, and the occasions of rare occurrence, when I met him at Versailles, there could be neither intimacy nor confidence between us. Accordingly, I only spoke to him vaguely of our unhappy situation.—" Faith!" said he, " our situation is certainly not very agreeable; your brother has slipped his neck out of the collar, and he did well; but he has left us all in the mire, for I am free to tell you that we are declared

hostages; and you know it is no laughing matter to be a hostage!"

In other respects I found myself tolerably well off in this habitation. My chamber, though extremely small, was very light; and this I considered a great advantage on coming from the gloomy Palais. The walk in the fortress was short, but at least it served to stretch our legs; and we could even take exercise in it by playing at bowls, and this was a great point. Beside this, I employed my time in reading, drawing, and writing: in fine, I had the satisfaction of being able to spend the day with persons I loved, and to whom I could communicate all my thoughts. Could I then avoid finding a great difference between this situation, and that I had just left? But this amendment of my situation was almost a misfortune; for it was of such short duration, as only to render me more sensible of its loss.

It was only three or four days after our arrival at the fortress of Notre-Dame, when, breakfasting tranquilly with my father and

Beaujolais, we were interrupted by a visit from three of the administrators, the officer on guard, and two of the national guards with their muskets. The room was so small it would scarcely hold them all.—"Citizens," said one of the administrators, "we are sorry to interrupt you, but we have just received an order, which we are obliged to execute. The members of the Bourbon family are no longer to enjoy the liberty of conversing with each other; consequently, the elder of your two sons must retire immediately to his chamber; and refrain, henceforward, from coming to yours. As to the younger, he is allowed to remain with you; but he is equally prohibited from going to his brother's chamber." At this declaration we were thunderstruck, and I was cut to the soul.—"But, at least," said my father, "cannot you inform me whence this rigorous order comes, that deprives us of the only consolation left us?"—"I believe," answered the other, "that it is in virtue of a decree of the Convention:—but, I repeat, you

must comply with it instantly. Come, citizen," added he, addressing himself to me, "pay obedience to the law!"—"Your law," exclaimed I, "is barbarous and tyrannical! It would be much less cruel to order us to be shot or guillotined on the spot, than thus to condemn us to perish by a slow fire!"—"Calm yourself," said my father, "we shall obtain a revocation of this order; but endeavour, meantime, to submit to it tranquilly, and be assured, your brother and I have a lively participation in your sorrow."

I took a hand of each, and departed without saying a word, my face bathed in tears, which I could not restrain. A sentry was stationed at my door, and another at that of my father; but, with a whimsical inconsistency, Gamache* was allowed to enter both our chambers to wait on us, without their considering that we might thus communicate with each other as

* My father had not been allowed to bring a single domestic with him from Paris.

freely as we pleased. At dinner time I was informed that I had permission to eat with my father; but it would be before witnesses, and an officer would be present at all our meals. Notwithstanding the restriction, this gave me great pleasure; and it was increased by that I perceived in the eyes of my father and Beaujolais, when they saw me enter. To view our mutual joy, it might have been supposed that we had been separated for years; but, if we had not been actually so, our imagination impressed on us the fear of it. More satisfied with our situation, we dined, and afterwards separated, with the consolation of thinking that we should meet again in the evening at supper.

We often met in the fortress, but we could not speak to each other, or even stop together; and the administrators, or municipal officers frequently ordered us to retire to our chambers, and to take the air only one after the other. The pleasure with which these gentlemen exercised their authority, is inconceivable; and

scarcely a single day passed without our experiencing some fresh vexation. Sometimes they prevented our eating together, notwithstanding the permission that had been granted: at other times, they ordered two or three national guards, with their muskets, to be present at out meals: but their chief delight was to make us return to our chambers every moment, from no other motive than their own caprice. They were always relieved every twenty-four hours, as well as the guard of the fortress, which usually consisted of a company of the national guards. It was about six in the evening that these gentlemen arrived; and when those we had were tractable, we were always afraid of losing by the change. Their first care, on their arrival, was to have all the unhappy Bourbons presented to them in succession by their predecessors; and frequently, after having steadfastly looked at them, they honored them only by a slight motion of the head, or at most, by a "Good night, citizen!"

On the 4th or 6th of May, about twelve days

after our removal to the fortress, we saw arrive in the morning a numerous guard, preceded by several municipal officers and administrators in their scarves. We learned soon after that it was for conveying us to the tribunal, where we were to be interrogated. We were informed that they came now only for my aunt and the prince of Conti; that my father would be interrogated the next day, with Beaujolais; and that my turn would be the day following. In three or four hours they were brought back. My aunt appeared tolerably gay, and the prince of Conti rather more out of humour than usual. The next day my father underwent a pretty long interrogatory; and Beaujolais, who was then only thirteen years and a half old, likewise occupied the stool* some time.

At length my turn came. The tribunal sat in a church. Its members were dressed in black, with a Henry IV.'s hat, ornamented with black plumes on the head, and a tri-co-

* The seat of the person under interrogatory.

loured riband passing round the neck and crossed on the bosom. They were seated round a table, and looked extremely grave. They kept me on the stool about an hour and a quarter. At every question, the public accuser, one G*** (who afterwards caused so much blood to be shed at Marseilles), stood up, and said aloud, in a pedantic and pompous tone,—"I desire the president of the criminal tribunal to ask the prisoner," &c. and he always endeavoured to puzzle me, so as to make me contradict myself. I was by no means intimidated, but excessively provoked. Among other things he said to me,—"You must have been acquainted with the liberticide intentions of your brother, since you were always with him; and you ought to know, that your failing to denounce him was rendering yourself his accomplice!" I answered, that I had never any knowledge of his intention to quit France; and could assert, with truth, that the news of it had given me the greatest astonishment.—"You left your brother then,

only to come, in concert with him, to betray the republic in the south, while he was betraying it in the north?"—"This question appears to me of a kind that it is impossible for me to answer. You will permit me, therefore, citizen, merely to observe to you, that if I had betrayed, or intended to betray, the republic, I certainly should not be now before your tribunal." I was still expecting the little paper of M. de Villeblanche to be produced; but, as I have said above, no mention was made of it; and, after having answered all the foolish questions that these gentlemen thought proper to put to me, and signed the minute of my examination, I was conducted back to the fortress of Notre-Dame, in the same manner as I was brought from it.

A few hours after, we witnessed a scene by no means calculated to raise our spirits. One of the administrators on guard, uneasy at some denunciation just lodged against him, or perhaps tired of his life, conceived the design of putting an end to it, and chose for its execution,

the fortress where we were confined. The report of the pistol that terminated his life, and was discharged very near us, was immediately followed by shouts of "Guards! guards! an administrator has just been assassinated!" We were immediately shut up very abruptly.* At length, at the expiration of half an hour, we were informed that we might take a walk in the fortress as before, and that *the deceased administrator had committed suicide.*

About the 22d, or 23d of May, we saw a guard much more numerous arrive, and some municipal officers. We were at once shut up in our chambers (according to the custom always observed on such occasions), and it was not till about an hour after, I was informed, that my father had been conveyed to the tower of the fortress of St. John. Beaujolais, who (as I have already said) had never before been separated from him, most urgently pressed for

* It is easy to conceive the sensation we felt on being shut up, at the first report of an assassination. This was one of the thousand accessories to the principal misery.

permission to accompany him still; but this was obstinately refused. We were told, however, that we might continue together during my father's absence. I found Beaujolais bathed in tears. He told me, he feared some ill was intended my father, for he had been taken away with extreme harshness, and placed in the midst of a numerous guard; yet he appeared almost as tranquil as usual, and had ordered him to embrace me for him. This account cut me to the heart. I sincerely shared the uneasiness of Beaujolais; but, as I was the elder, and consequently ought to be the more under the command of reason, I endeavoured to console him. We remained a week together, and this was a great comfort to us; particularly to me, who had spent six weeks alone.

At the expiration of this week, it was announced to us, that the Bourbons (namely, my aunt, the prince de Conti, Beaujolais, and myself) were to be removed to the fortress of St. John. In fact, about five o'clock in the afternoon, we saw arrive at the foot of Mount Notre

Dame, a battalion of about five hundred men, whose sole purpose was to escort a woman, an old man, a young man of seventeen, and a boy of thirteen! We were informed, that it was for our security. We were placed in the midst of the battalion, each of us flanked on the right and left by two administrators or municipal officers, who held us by the arm, and would not quit their hold a single moment. Our march was long and laborious, both on account of the heat, which was very great, and of the immense crowd that interrupted us at every step, notwithstanding our numerous escort; bestowing on us, from time to time, the most insulting epithets. At length we arrived, after the expiration of a couple of hours, at the fortress of St. John. If any one had told us, on passing the drawbridge, that we should not repass it for three years and a half, he would have imparted to us news more terrible than the certainty of a sentence of death; yet he would have said the truth. The prediction might have been rendered still more fearful, by ad-

ding, that, though I was destined to repass this bridge before the expiration of three years and a half, it was only to return an instant after, and to experience redoubled pain and rigour. Though I am by no means a partisan of optimism, I maintain, that this impossibility of reading the future, added to the consolatory hope that scarcely ever ceases to flatter us, are two benefits of Heaven, without which man would be unable to support the miseries of life.

Thus we entered the fortress of St. John. After crossing a little gloomy court, we were plunged into complete darkness, while passing under a long valt that led to the part of the fortress in which were the apartments intended for my aunt and the prince of Conti. These apartments appeared to me tolerably good, though they were small; and the idea, that they would give us such, gave me a momentary pleasure, but this was of short duration, as will be seen. Scarcely had my aunt and the prince of Conti entered their apartments, when

we heard: "Now, citizens, the two young Orleans must be conducted to the tower." No sooner said than done. Here we were at the foot of that infernal tower, where we remained eleven successive months! An iron grate was opened, and we ascended a narrow winding staircase, dark, and stinking; only one person could pass at a time, and the municipal officers and national guards rushed up so eagerly, that we were nearly stifled. When we had ascended a dozen steps, one of them who was before me, violently pushed me back, crying out; "The elder is to be put below."—"No!" exclaimed one at the bottom, "it is above, with his father."—"No, I tell you, the little one is to be with his father; the elder is to be confined below." During this dispute, I was precisely in the situation of a ball between two rackets. I took the liberty of observing to them, however, that, if the dispute continued, they might put me as low as they pleased, for I should be stifled. Fortunately they were stifling too. Accordingly they settled the business; those

above carried it; and, in consequence, I had to descend some steps; when, after having opened two enormous doors, with triple bolts, I was ushered into my dungeon. The darkness, stench, and gloom of this abode, compelled me to exclaim, as Gamache did at the *Palais*, "What! is it here?" An exclamation so natural indeed, so involuntary, that not only Gamache, but my unfortunate father, Beaujolais, and afterward the prince of Conti, all expressed in the same manner, and in the same words, the mixture of astonishment and horror with which they were inspired at the sight of this fearful abode. To this first sensation succeeded a sort of depression, or senseless stupor; which, without being completely fainting, deprived me for some minutes of the faculty of thinking, or perceiving what passed around me. I was roused from this sort of lethargy by the sound of the closing bolts, and immediately cried out, "Citizens! pray open the door a moment, I have something to say to you." They had the goodness to open the door, and one of the

administrators asked me what I wanted. "I want you to tell me by what orders, and for what crime, you put me into such a horrible dungeon as this?" "It is by order of the Convention." "And how long am I to remain here?" "We do not know: good night, citizen!" With this, to avoid further questions, he hastened to bolt the door.

Thus I remained alone, within four walls as black as the foulest chimney, and covered by a gloomy arch, receiving, in this kind of tomb, no light but what came through two air-holes, the largest aperture of which was two feet square, and three feet thick, and which were obstructed by three rows of bars and a grating. It was seven in the evening, and the darkness in my new abode appeared to be complete; yet, as it was still day without, the tremendous bars were cruelly conspicuous against the light.

I sat down on the ground, for I was not yet furnished with chairs, table, or bed, though all these were brought me some time after; and the severity of the treatment I experienced

inspired me with a degree of rage, that prevented my sinking under the horrors of my situation. I remained about an hour and a half without stirring from my place, my back resting against the wall, though it was very damp. At the expiration of this time I heard, with some pleasure, the huge keys introduced into the locks, and the bolts drawing back. I rose immediately; but I had to wait some time before I knew what was the occasion of this; for it required six or seven minutes to open my tremendous doors. At length, by the light of a lantern, I saw my faithful Gamache make his appearance, followed by my trunk, two horse bedsteads, and some chairs. At this sight I was overjoyed. I had at first to wait his giving vent to the repeated—"My God! my good Lord God!" and other exclamations, of which honest Gamache was always prodigal on similar occasions. He gradually recollected himself, however; and, passing from grief to indignation, exclaimed—"It must be confessed, these people who put you here, without your ever hav-

ing done any thing to them, are *vile sparrows, (moigneaux).*" (Another favourite expression of his.) I acknowledged the justice of his reflection, and assured him, that it had already struck me; but that, unfortunately, these vile *sparrows* being the strongest, they must be in the right.—" Oh, patience! patience! they will not always be so; they will taste the dungeon themselves*, and, thank God! nobody will pity them!"—" I believe so too, my poor Gamache. But tell me, why are you come so late? and how did you obtain permission to enter here?"—" I came so late, because it was thought proper to search your trunk, and every thing in it; and then it was to be decided whether I should still be allowed to remain with you. Permission was granted me; but, I believe, they will not let me go out again; that is, if I go out, they will not let me come

* The prophecy of poor Gamache was afterwards verified; for the most of the jacobins of Marseilles have passed through the dungeons of the tower; and, I confess, I could scarcely pity them.

in any more." I assured him that I would rather remain alone, than see him bury himself thus for me in this horrible place; but he declared that he was determined not to quit me again till death; and that it was in such cases good servants were to be proved. In fact, the good Gamache was an excellent servant. He left me some months after, but it was to attend my unfortunate father when he was conducted to Paris; for, as I have already said, he was not allowed to have one of his own domestics, and I was eager to give him Gamache. Since that, I resolutely opposed his quitting his wife and children to rejoin me in prison.*

To return to the frightful and gloomy tower: in the evening supper was brought to us; but as we had not yet got a table, we were obliged to eat on our skirts. The appetite is not very keen, as may be supposed under such circumstances. The next day, the little light we received by our air-holes, through three rows of

* This excellent servant is still living. He is at present keeper of the gardens of Mousseaux.—*Editor.*

grating, was, notwithstanding, sufficient to allow us to perceive all the horrors of our new abode. Independently of the colour of the walls and vault, which, as I have already said, was absolutely black, here and there in the wall were enormous iron rings for chaining criminals to, whose rage was dreaded, or who were to be treated with the greatest rigour. This was a sad sight, no doubt, but quite analogous to all the rest; for the extreme obscurity that reigned perpetually in the place; the little air that could circulate being poisoned by privies, from which we were separated only by a thin door; every thing, in fine, contributed to weigh down both mind and body in the most cruel manner.

The door was always opened by some of the administrators or municipal officers, every time our meals were brought. When they entered in the morning, accompanying my breakfast, I appealed to them on the horror of the place where they kept me, and the barbarity of such treatment.—"We can do nothing in it," said

they; "but you may draw up a petition to the administrative bodies." I drew up one; I drew up ten; but it was to no purpose, as I before conjectured. However, they continued to permit me to have books, which was a valuable resource to me. They gave me a table; and also told me, that when I wanted any thing I had only to knock loudly at the door, and the sentry, who was at the bottom of the staircase, would immediately inform the officer on guard and the administrators. I availed myself of this privilege as seldom as possible; for I found, that when the sentry, the officer, or the administrator, was in an ill humour, which was almost always the case, I had to experience a harsh and painful refusal.

We were then in the middle of summer, and the heat of Provence was difficult to endure in a dungeon, where the air could never be renewed. We spent the day in our shirts, notwithstanding the dampness of our melancholy habitation. In vain we attempted to burn some vine twigs in it to render it more wholesome;

the smoke suffocated us so, that we were obliged to give it up. To remedy the stink of the privies, Gamache burned sugar, and I procured some flowers, which I kept in water, and had perpetually under my nose. Frequently, when overpowered with heat, and wanting to respire a little pure air, we rushed each on his own side to our air-holes; and, with our faces glued to the bars, drew in with all our strength, the very small quantity of air that could reach us. I read all day, and Gamache did the same; but he generally began with the second volume, and assured me it was the same to him. He often communicated to me what he had read, and amused me with the blunders he was perpetually making. In the evening, as soon as a light was brought us, we played at piquet till supper time; that is, for two or three hours; after which we lay down, and remained in bed as long as we could endure it.

The first day I was allowed permission to see my father, whose prison was over mine. I had not seen him since his removal from the fortress

of Notre-Dame to that of St. John. I found him considerably altered: he had been left in want of the commonest necessaries; and besides, the privation of air and exercise was destructive to him, who had always been accustomed to a great deal of both. Beaujolais had been with him ever since the evening before; their dungeon was less gloomy than mine, though a frightful one. We dined together that day, and this was a great consolation to us, notwithstanding the presence of witnesses. Accordingly they did not fail to deprive us of this the next day; and from that time I was three months without seeing my father, though I was directly under him all the time. I was not altogether so long without seeing Beaujolais, as I shall mention hereafter.

The administrators relieved each other every evening; and every evening they came to present their successors, who frequently did not honor us with a single word, and went away after having well looked at us.

For my part, engaged in my game at piquet

with the faithful Gamache, I seemed to pay no attention to them, except when they spoke to me; for I soon found the impossibility of obtaining from them any amendment of my situation, and determined to expect it only from some fortunate and unforeseen event. But, as I have said, independent of the principal torment, I had every moment to experience some fresh vexation, that rendered my situation a hundred times more disagreeable. One evening, for instance, the moment my supper was brought, a great number of national guards entered at the same time, and posting themselves close to me, looked at me with that insulting curiosity, which it is so difficult to bear with patience. As I waited till they would go before I began to eat, they told me that they should not depart till I had finished my supper; so that if I were not hungry I had only to say so. I observed to them, that hitherto I had been permitted to eat alone, and when it suited me; but that, if they thought proper to deprive me of this permission, I must

submit to this new restraint; and certainly their presence would not make me lose a single mouthful of my meal. In fact, I sat down to my supper, and affected to eat it with a good appetite. My coolness disappointed them, and in order to vex me, one of them said: "Were you not with the traitor Dumourier?"—"As you have no right to interrogate me, you will excuse me making you any answer."—"O to be sure!" cried he in a rage:—"I know very well who you are; I know you are a traitor: Zounds! we have you fast!" &c. Some of his comrades did not allow him to finish his discourse, but took him away, blaming him for his putting himself into a passion. Such were the scenes, more or less violent, that were continually repeating.

A fortnight after my entrance into the tower, however, I heard news that gave me great hopes; but these, unfortunately, were of short duration. An officer of the national guard, fond of talking, but who meant well, having been appointed by the administrators to escort

my breakfast, and to open my door (for they now shut only one, which had three enormous bolts, and certainly this was sufficient); after smiling on me very graciously, found means to remain alone a moment with me and Gamache, and to say to me hastily, "Be tranquil, your misfortunes will not be of long continuance, for we shall cease to obey the decrees of the Convention." This news gave me no less astonishment than joy. I was desirous of some explanation of a business so incomprehensible to me, for I knew nothing, of the events of the 31st of May, and consequently of the part taken by the cities of Marseilles, Toulon, Lyons, Nismes, and Bourdeaux; but he retired quickly, making me a sign that he could not possibly say more. But if you have ceased to obey the decrees of the Convention, said I to myself, why do you keep us here? Why do you do still more against us than it ordered in its decree respecting us, since that speaks only of a fortress, and you have put us in a dungeon?"

This simple question I resolved to put to

them; but I waited till the officer was relieved, that he might not incur blame for his communication. I waited also the turn of some administrator who had a somewhat better look than the rest; that is, who had more the air of a well-meaning man, necessity having rendered me a tolerably good physiognomist. At length, a few days after, I thought I might venture to put the question, beginning, however, by feeling my way. "Citizen," said I to him, "you must allow this place is scarcely fit for a man who cannot be accused of any thing: permit me to ask you, whether the Convention has issued any new decree respecting us?"—"No, citizen: besides, we no longer acknowledge its authority."—"Why then do you detain us in prison?"—"You are here in virtue of a decree of the 8th of April, and it is only to the decrees subsequent to the 31st of May that we have resolved not to pay obedience."—"But the decree of the 8th of April merely expressed, that we should be detained in the fortresses of Marseilles; it said nothing of a dungeon."—

"Pardon me; a few days after the 8th of April, the Convention issued another decree, ordering you to be closely confined each separately, and without allowing you the least communication with any person whatever."—"But you must admit, that this decree might be executed with more humanity."—"I admit that your situation is cruel; but unhappily I can do nothing in it: draw up a petition to the administrative bodies."—"Oh, no more petitions! I have drawn up a thousand, and one would have been sufficient, were justice intended me."—"Try one more, do not be disheartened; you cannot employ yourself better in this sad abode, and nothing is to be obtained now but by dint of repeated demand. The administrative bodies are renewed, and better composed than formerly; I will support your demand with all my influence; but that I must apprize you is but small, for the voices of honest men are always overborne by those of intriguers. I must now leave you; and I am very certain that I shall be blamed for having conversed so long with you:

however, I have only done my duty; and I fear neither their reproaches nor their denunciations. Adieu! citizen; do not despair, and depend on the sincerity of my desire of serving you!"

I did depend on it, as well as on the inefficacy of his endeavours, and I was not deceived. But such conversations were at least a little balm to our hearts, though we had rarely to enjoy them. "Oh! the excellent man!" said Gamache, "the good, worthy man! If all were like him, you would not long remain here, that is certain! At least, I wish he was always on guard, instead of those villainous jailors, from whom there is no getting a word, and who look at you only with a scowling brow." He was a good worthy man, as Gamache said; but, like other well meaning persons, always overpowered with dread of being denounced; and this dread often occasions the commission of as many cruelties as wickedness. Besides, though the sections of Marseilles had, in fact, declared against the Convention, they were swayed by what was then called the Brissotin party; and

among the chiefs of that party, there were men who were scarcely a whit better than the jacobins, and who would probably have displayed the same wickedness had they possessed the same power: such is my opinion; but this at least is very certain; they kept us in dungeons as the jacobins had done, and treated us in every respect with the same cruelty and the same injustice.

What I had foreseen with regard to the inutility of a new petition, was but too well verified. They did not condescend to take the least notice of it; and my situation, instead of being improved, was even rendered worse. It was about this time that we experienced an increase of rigour, which, independently of the extreme restraint under which it placed us, was well adapted to increase our mental sufferings. One day, at a different hour from that on which our meals were usually brought, two administrators in their scarves, whose countenances boded no good, made their appearance. They announced, with a voice

of evil omen, that they were deputed on a mission not very agreeable, but which their duty obliged them to execute. This commencement was far from consolatory, particularly as I knew one of them to be a violent jacobin. "We must take from you," they added, "all knives, razors, scissors, penknives, and every thing pointed, of any description which you may have in your possession."—"But, citizens," said I, "such precautions are never taken, except with persons to be tried, and only when there is reason to apprehend they may attempt their own lives. Am I in that predicament?"—"If you were to be tried, you would be informed of it; as to the rest, we can say nothing: we know nothing but our orders."—"Execute them, then; I am not mad enough to attempt the slightest opposition to it: but tell me, how am I to shave myself, to cut my meat?" &c. —"Every thing we are going to take now will be put into a little box, of which you will have the key; and which will remain in the hands of

the administrators on guard. They will deliver it to you when you want it: but you can use it only before witnesses." I told Gamache, who was already as pale as death, to give my razors, knives, &c. to these two citizens. He executed my orders with little promptitude, and many sighs: after which, these gentlemen told me, it was necessary, for form's sake, that they should search every place themselves, even my pockets! The idea of this insult shocked me. "What!" said I, "is not my word that I keep nothing sufficient for you?" —"Yes," answered one of them, "if you give it us." I did so, and they went away.

I expected a lamentable scene from my good Gamache, and I was not disappointed. It was even of the most tragic kind; and, in fact, the business was neither pleasant nor of good omen. But in such cases we ought to keep ourselves from being cast down, if we would not suffer a thousand times more. Thank God! I have always had fortitude enough for this, and the sight of death has never disturbed my repose.

In my place, perhaps, poor Gamache would have been the same; but the impression we feel when danger threatens ourselves, is very different from that occasioned by the danger of a person for whom we are deeply interested. In the latter case, the heart is so much the more racked, as we endeavour to conceal its disquietude from the object of it; and this is truly a martyrdom.

After the administrators were gone, we remained some time without speaking a word. I looked at Gamache, and perceived his countenance change more and more. "Gamache," said I then, "you are certainly ill: I never saw you look so pale."—"I really do not feel very well; but I will try to breathe a little fresh air, and I shall soon be better." Saying this, he went to the air-hole, leaning his head against the bars, so that his back was towards me; but a moment after I perceived, by the movement of his shoulders, that he was weeping as if his heart would burst. "Why do you weep so?" said I.—He answered,

sobbing, "I do not weep." Had I been less affected myself, this answer would have made me laugh. "I see that you are weeping, my good Gamache," said I; "and you are wrong in wishing to conceal from me a sorrow that only proves your attachment."—"Alas!" he replied, "it is not from anxiety my tears spring; for what would they dare to do to you? but to see you thus treated like a criminal is more than I can bear!" And he burst again into tears. "But why should you give yourself thus up to despair, when you see that I am myself perfectly tranquil. This paltry proceeding of taking from us what is necessary to our daily comfort, is only a fresh contrivance of these fellows for the purpose of annoying us; so let us bear it manfully!"

This had all the effect I could wish. My faithful companion presently resumed his self-possession, dried up his tears, and, as usual, as soon as a light was brought, we began our game of piquet. This was interrupted by the daily visit of the administrators and municipal officer,

who examined all the bars of our grates, one after the other, sounding them with their canes, in order to ascertain if any had been filed. I could not help shrugging up my shoulders at this ceremony, though I said nothing, but went on with my game. These redoubled precautions persuaded me that I had nothing good to expect; for a man, whose liberty alone is aimed at, is never treated so severely; and this was the first thing of the sort which had occurred during the three months we had been in prison. My mind, however, was already made up to the worst; though a circumstance, which I was assured had been merely accidental, some days afterwards made an impression on me which I shall never forget. One morning, when I was absorbed in no very pleasing reflections, I heard one of the bolts of my door drawn. It was not the customary hour of visit; and, in prison, that alone is quite enough to excite an eagerness to know the cause. My curiosity was soon painfully satisfied. The door was opened, and a priest dressed in his long cassock, made his

appearance. "You may close the door again," said he to those who had let him in, "I shall remain here some time." I had no doubt that he was sent to prepare me for my last hour, and certainly it seemed very like it. "Let not my visit make you uneasy," said the priest, approaching; "I only come to chat with you, and to comfort you. I am the curate of Saint Laurence; I am in the confidence of your aunt, and it is her wish that brings me hither." He added, that he was authorised to visit all the prisons, and repeated his hope that his visit to me would not be unwelcome. I assured him, that, as a mere visitor, he gave me great pleasure; but I could not but confess, that the sight of his long cassock was not the most encouraging thing to the tenant of a dungeon, towards whom the most relentless severity was observed. He declared, that so far from intending to talk about melancholy matters, his only object was to cheer me; and, to put an end to any doubt on the subject, he began to converse with a gaiety that astonished me. But gaiety was not

what I wanted of him: what I wanted was to ascertain the cause of the great increase of rigour I experienced. He protested he knew nothing of the matter; exhorted me to patience; then turned the conversation to indifferent things, and in about half an hour went away. I never saw him again till two years afterward; he had then just returned from Rome, where he had retracted his oath as a constitutional priest. At this same epoch, 1796, he renewed his retractation at Marseilles.

My father, having ineffectually asked permission on his own account to take the air, were it only at the gate of the tower, now solicited it for Beaujolais, whose health began to suffer from such close confinement, and his tender years obviating every pretext for denial: it was granted, on condition, however, that one of the administrators should keep him constantly in sight. In the course of the day he was sent for, and suffered to remain in the open air for two or three hours, and then remanded to his dungeon. He often earnestly begged to

be allowed to come and see me; but his request was constantly refused. His cell being above mine, he was obliged to pass my door in his way out, and he never failed to call to me "Good day, Montpensier! how are you?" It is impossible to describe the effect his voice had upon me, or the distress I felt when a day passed without my hearing it; for he was sometimes actually forbidden to utter these few words, and was always hurried by so quickly, that he had scarcely time to hear my answer. Once, however, that he had been permitted to remain till my dinner was brought, he crept so close to the heels of the bearer of the basket, that, in spite of the administrators, who tried to hold him back, he darted into my cell, and embraced me. It was six weeks since I had seen him—six wretched weeks! The moment was precious; but, ah! how short! He was torn from me forthwith, with threats of being no more allowed to go out, should the same scene be repeated. Is such barbarity credible? For what grounds, what possible

excuse could they offer for preventing two brothers, the one but thirteen and a half, and the other not eighteen years of age, from enjoying the consolation of a moment's interview before witnesses? Nor was I myself any more permitted, when my door opened, to go near enough to catch the breeze which passed through the miserable narrow staircase. One morning only, when my breakfast was brought, I was allowed to remain for an instant at the threshold. While I stood there, how my heart yearned as I heard my father's voice for the first time after so long a period! He was only separated from the staircase by an iron grating; but there was a sentry who could observe his motions, and accost him when he chose. To this grating the municipal officers and administrators let their friends come to satisfy their curiosity; and the advantage of being able to breathe a little more freely was, in my opinion, dearly purchased at such a sacrifice. A similar privilege had been offered to me, of a grating in place of my massy door; but I declined it;

nor could I conceive how my unhappy father could prefer the inconveniences I have mentioned to seclusion by a bolted door. But these had no effect upon him; he even liked to see many faces, be they who they might; and he was pleased to have some one now and then to whom he could speak. At the time I allude to, I heard him ask the sentry what o'clock it was; and I hastened to call out "Nine—good day, my dear father!—how do you find yourself?"—"Ah! Montpensier!" replied he, "how happy I am to hear your voice! My health is none of the best, my poor child; but if I could see you it would do me much good." I then heard him ask leave to see me for a moment; but it was refused, and the door was immediately shut.

All I had been prepared to expect, when my razors, knives, &c. were taken away, was punctiliously put in force. When I wanted to shave (which happened much less frequently to me than to Gamache, for I had then very little beard), I asked the administrator to let

the case be brought, in which my razors were, and two national guards remained at our side all the time we made use of them. The earnestness with which they eyed Gamache, as he shaved, used often to amuse me. When he was in good humour he would ask them if they fancied he had a mind to cut his throat; and assured them, that if nobody was more desirous to harm his head than himself, it would stand a long time upon his shoulders; but he was really ashamed, he said, to see them tire themselves so for his toilette.

I always took advantage of the arrival of the dressing-case, to mend pens and sharpen pencils; for I tried to draw whenever there was light enough; but it was very difficult, and often impossible. I could not even use a table knife, without having two national guards at my elbow, which was odious to me; for then we could not talk, and meals are often the pleasantest times for conversation. On this account, I had the roast meat which was brought for supper, cut into little bits, that both knives

and the presence of these gentlemen might be dispensed with.* It happened, now and then, that the persons deputed to superintend our meals were civil and well-disposed, which rendered it less disagreeable, and even enabled us to get a little knowledge of what was passing outside the walls, respecting which we were left in utter ignorance. But, as they were always strictly enjoined to be silent in our presence, a fondness for talking, and a thorough confidence in each other, were necessary to induce them to violate the injunction, which seldom occurred. In one of the very few instances, however, in which it took place, I learned that an army of sixteen thousand Marseillese had been formed to oppose the troops of the Convention, which had arrived under the command of Carteaux.† Wonders were expected

* This precaution being forgotten one night, we were obliged to tear in pieces some beef which was brought for supper with our teeth and forks.

† General Carteaux began his career as an artist, having imbibed a taste for painting from the celebrated Doyen,

by our informants, from this army, which proved incapable of defending impregnable passes against a handful of men (Carteaux had but three thousand); and they assured me, that as soon as the uneasiness occasioned by the jacobins was dispelled, and there was no further annoyance from the army of the brigands, *which was about to be crushed*, our liberty would in-

who painted the dome of the Hotel des Invalides. But the love of arms soon overcame his earlier passion. He took up the cause of the Revolution with ardour; and was named aid-de-camp of the city of Paris, July 14, 1789. When the Marseillese armed in 1793, to go to the succour of the Lyonese, Carteaux was selected to oppose them. He defeated them on the banks of the Rhone, and made his entry into Marseilles on the 25th of August. In October of the same year he flew to Toulon, to oppose the landing of the English. It was at this siege, and under this general's command, that Napoleon Bonaparte first attracted notice. Carteaux was appointed to command the army of the Alps, but was shortly after withdrawn. He was arrested at Marseilles, conducted to Paris, imprisoned in the Conciergerie in 1794, and restored to liberty by the 9th Thermidor. He remained in active service till 1800.—*Editor.*

stantly be restored. I thanked them for their good news, without believing a word of it; for I saw nothing to encourage the hope that there existed the slightest intention of bettering our lot. Precaution seemed daily to increase; every thing that was brought us was rigorously examined; our bread was cut into quarters, to discover if any scrap of paper were concealed in it; the poultry was divided in like manner, and scrutinized; in short, nothing, not even the fruit, escaped this absurd ceremony. And as all this was commonly done with the same knife, it gave to what we ate, the dirtiest and most disgusting appearance. After long submitting to this new torment without a murmur, I one day lost all my patience. The man who brought the dinner had set it on the table, when the administrator, perceiving a fowl which they had forgotten to cut in two, darted towards me with an air of importance and suspicion, protesting, that before I tasted it, I should carve it in his presence. "I mean to cut it before I eat it," I replied; smothering my feelings as

well as I could. "But if you are desirous of becoming our carver, you are welcome to the honour."—"Citizen, I speak in the name of the law, to which you must submit!"—"Citizen, the law does not ordain the many vexations that are heaped upon us; but I am aware, unqualified endurance of whatever you may inflict is my only resource, being in a dungeon of which you bear the key. This is a truth so evident, that you might have spared yourself the trouble of enforcing it." I bade Gamache carve the fowl, and the administrator withdrew, muttering. After many exclamations of "Just powers! Good God! O the miscreants!" Gamache implored me to repress my impatience before such formidable personages; but my feelings were often too strong for me. These first two months in the tower were certainly the most dreadful portion of my captivity; for though I have subsequently experienced more intense anguish, I had never so unbroken a succession of worrying and heart-rending afflictions to endure. I say *two*

months, though I passed three in this dungeon, *without once setting my foot over the threshold of the door;* but it was at the end of these two, or shortly after, that I began to taste a consolation, which greatly tended to relieve my sufferings. When I least expected such a comfort, my door opened, and Beaujolais appeared, accompanied by a man, who asked him when he should return for him. "In two hours, if you wish it," said Beaujolais; and the man withdrew, shutting the door after him. Instantly I sprang into the arms of my brother, and my joy at seeing him once more, and being left alone with him, was so great, that for some time I could not articulate a syllable. When a little composed, I asked to what happy circumstance I owed this unexpected delight? and he replied, "I have not the slighest idea: to mere chance, I believe. He, by whose means I have come, is only a secretary of the department, sent by the administrators to accompany me while I take the air. As I came down stairs, I asked him if I might not see you; and to my astonishment he

opened the door. But what astonishes me still more is, his asking me how long I wished to stay. I would not let him see what I felt in this respect, lest he should be startled and relent; and all I dread now is, that the administrators may find fault with him, and send him to fetch me back. Till then, however, let us enjoy the pleasure of being together, and impart quickly all we have to say to each other."

I hastened to enquire about my father, whose health and spirits I feared, must suffer terribly from such close confinement.—His health, he said, had certainly been impaired a little, but he was very well now; and as to his spirits, excepting a short interval now and then of impatience and chagrin, he was as lively and as entertaining as ever. He then gave me many interesting details respecting the situation of Marseilles, and the army of Carteaux, and that of the Marseillese, which he had gathered from the conversation of the administrators and the national guards, when they had no suspicion of

his attending to them. Then we reciprocally recounted our thousand-and-one tales of persecution since we had last seen each other; concluding that they must be drawing to a close, and that our present bliss might be considered as undoubted earnest of it. Our joy increased when we found that the administrators did not send to recal Beaujolais; and as they could not be ignorant where he was, it was natural to infer that they did not disapprove of our being together. The two hours, however (and they flew like lightning), being elapsed, he was called for, and we parted in the hope of meeting the next day—a hope in which we were not deceived; and we enjoyed the same consolation every day for three weeks, except when some surly administrator chose to refuse what all the rest granted.

At the end of these three weeks, that is to say, on the 25th of August, the fête of St. Louis, Carteaux entered Marseilles, and our destiny became subject to a sort of military government, which we found much preferable

to that of the municipal officers* and administrators. Two days prior to this event, we heard a strong cannonade, which seemed to be going on in the city, and which lasted for a considerable time. We even distinguished the explosion of several bomb-shells. But on both these days Beaujolais was kept away, and so strict a silence was observed when my food was brought, that it was impossible to get the slightest intimation of the cause of the bustle. I knew that Carteaux was not far off, and I fancied that the Marseillese were making a last struggle against him: but I afterwards learned, that it was the section, No. 11, which, having

* We have almost always had much more reason to praise the military than the civil officers. The last could never sufficiently glut their rage against those whom they deemed their enemies, but eagerly seized every opportunity of making their authority felt, by tormenting their prisoners; while the former, accustomed to a nobler species of triumph, seemed, under the same circumstances, to discharge with repugnance the duties which chanced to devolve on them.

declared for Carteaux two days before his arrival, had fought for some time against the other sections, and afterwards joined the conventional army, which, as I said before, entered Marseilles on the 25th of August. During the preceding night we were very uneasy, as the hour went by at which the guards went their rounds of superintendance, and no one appeared. Hour after hour elapsed in the same painful silence. We feared they had forsaken us, and that we were destined to die of hunger. The guard-room of the tower was near my door, and always filled with national guards, whose incessant tumult was one of my greatest annoyances; their loud and discordant songs often preventing me from closing my eyes the whole night long. But this evening all was still, and it seemed as if they had deserted their post. Gamache and I knocked violently, and for a long time; my father and Beaujolais, alarmed also, called aloud, and were unanswered. I endeavoured to ask them through my door, whether their cries proceeded from

the same cause as ours. They understood me, and replied, that their sentry had left them. As my cell was much nearer the guard-room than theirs, they asked me if I could hear anything. At length, after listening some time, I did distinguish confused voices of many speakers, and the sounds became every moment more distinct, as if the persons were drawing nearer. Upon this we renewed our cries, and being told that some one was coming, we felt relieved. Presently our doors opened, and we once more saw our keepers, with a pleasure they had seldom afforded us. We ventured to question them upon the subject of their late appearance, but they did not satisfy our curiosity.

The next morning, the day of the arrival of Carteaux, a corporal of the national guard came by himself to unlock my door, bringing my breakfast. This convinced me that everything was in a state of confusion, and I wished at least to avail myself of it to see my father, whom I had not seen for three months, though

the whole time so near him. I therefore darted from my frightful tomb, in spite of the corporal who was exclaiming all the while—"But, citizen,—why, citizen, I say—you can't—you mustn't."— I assured him I could, and forthwith proved it, by springing four steps at a time up the miserable little staircase which led to the prison of my father and Beaujolais. The door stood open, the breakfast having that moment gone in. I leaped into my father's arms, and it was a moment of ecstacy! I wished to breakfast with them; but the corporal, trembling, implored men ot to do it, assuring me, if we were found together, his fate would be sealed. I yielded to his intreaties, left them, and went back to my sad cell.

About noon, the troops of Carteaux came to take possession of the fortress; it was a detachment of the regiment of Burgundy. The commanding officer reconnoitred all the posts and prisons, attended by an officer of the national guard, who was terrified beyond expression, lest (and there was cause enough) he should

be treated as a rebel. They both came together to the tower. The officer of the regiment appeared to be well bred and well disposed. I asked him what his orders were respecting us? and he said, that he had none but to cause the standing rules to be kept in force for the present; but if we had any appeal to address to general Carteaux, or to the representatives of the people, it would give him great pleasure to take charge of it. He added, that for himself he had not the power of rendering our condition less uncomfortable; but we must be aware that this in no respect depended upon him, and that a soldier could have nothing to do but with the orders of his superiors; and having said this, he withdrew.

Some time after my dinner was brought. A serjeant opened the door; on entering, "The devil!" said he, "'tis *mighty* black here! Good day, citizen! It's your father and brother that are up aloft, b'an't it?"—"Yes." "Would you be *mighty* pleased to go and dine with 'em, hey?"—"Oh most delighted! I should be grate-

ful beyond expression!"—"*Mighty* well: up, then! I have locked the lower grates. If the officer, or anybody else should come, you must pop down *mighty* fast into your black hole, and nobody'll be a bit the wiser: for my part, I should be *mighty* pleased to uncage you at once, but I have no *mighty* inclination to get caged myself in your stead." I was in my father's room before the good fellow had ended. My father and Beaujolais were not astonished at seeing me, for it was they who had obtained this favor of the sergeant; but they showed how delighted they were. With one accord we thanked the bestower of this blessing. He was the best hearted creature in the world, and the oddest. "Good!" said he; "if you be pleased, so be I; but mum! (his finger on his lip) make no fuss about having met: if it be found out, my game is up!" We dined more cheerfully than we had done for many a day, and after dinner were allowed to remain together for a considerable time. Towards dusk the sergeant took me and my faithful Gamache back, and we

were locked into our den. In the evening it was by him again the door was opened for our supper. I hoped to have obtained the same favour he had granted in the morning, and I asked it; but was refused. He was drunk, as was his daily custom. "No, no!" said he; "if you go aloft to-night 'twould spoil all. Sup where you are, and be quiet." It seemed clear to me from this injunction, that the good man was much more tractable when fasting, than in his cups.

The next morning he made no difficulty, and even left me all the forenoon with my father—what a gratification! He did not come to lock me in till the moment before the guard was relieved; and the sergeant who succeeded him being of the same stamp as himself, granted us the like indulgence in the best natured way imaginable, and without restricting us even as to supper. We had thus the consolation of being able to talk at our ease, and without witnesses, which we had not enjoyed for a long time; and, to crown all, we played at

several sorts of games, cards in all their variety, besides draughts and chess. In short, independently of the pleasure which this alleviation was calculated of itself to afford us, it was still further enhanced by the hope, however unfounded, of its being the first step towards liberation, which was balm to our wounds. We had been latterly so ill treated—so horribly ill treated, that the least gleam of humanity in those to whom we were consigned, which was all they could show without danger to themselves, greatly improved our situation; and I must do them the justice to say, that they stretched those opportunities to the utmost extent. When I say *they*, I would be understood to refer to nearly all the sergeants who were alternately stationed in the tower, and upon whom, in consequence, we immediately depended. The officers in general were not so kind; still there were some who conducted themselves extremely well towards us. Beaujolais was permitted to walk in the fortress whenever he liked; and my faithful Gamache

obtained the same favour. These two half liberties gave us the more pleasure, as it enabled them to observe every thing that was going on outside, and bring us the details; but, notwithstanding all our appeals, my father and I were denied the benefit of taking the air, of which it may be supposed we stood greatly in need. My father indeed suffered still more from the privation than I did. At length, however, some time having elapsed, an officer on duty entered our cell one day after dinner, saying "Come, citizens, come and breathe the fresh air. It is too bad to smother you in this way. I take the consequence upon myself; and let them punish me for it if they like."* We followed him with an eagerness that may easily be imagined, assuring him of our gratitude.

It is impossible for any one who has not felt it, to form an idea of the dizziness occasioned by the broad day-light, after having been long

* The name of this brave man was Cottin; he was a lieutenant in the battalion of la Côte-d'or (Dijon).

deprived of it, and by suddenly breathing the pure air. I was at first so overcome, that it was several minutes before I could walk. After this dizziness, a kind of drunkenness came over me that made me stagger, and I experienced at the same time a humming in my ears that utterly prevented my hearing a word that was said. It was more than a quarter of an hour before I was capable of enjoying the blessing that had been granted me. Our promenade was on a little terrace adjoining the tower in which we were confined. We were left there an hour and a half, and when night approached were conducted back to our cells. The next and following days we were allowed the same indulgence. Some officers, however, either from bad-heartedness, or the fear of committing themselves, refused it; but this rarely happened; and when it did, a few bottles of wine, and some pipes of good tobacco, induced the sergeants to take it upon themselves, to allow us a short visit to the terrace.

I have already said, that the *military* suited us

much better than the *municipal* system: but this last miserable spawn, though subordinate to the military (the city being then in a state of siege), still found a method of persecuting us. One day when we were quietly at dinner together, two of these gentry, decorated in their scarves, entered our prison, and in an insolent manner thus made known their supreme will to us: "Citizens, the municipality, and the administrators of the department and of the district, not being apprised till this morning of your being together, instantly deputed us to separate you. The eldest son must consequently at once go down to his prison, and continue there as before, without having communication with any person whatever." This declaration produced in the *eldest son* vexation and anger. "At least," I replied, "you will allow me to finish my dinner: it must be all one to you whether I am buried half an hour sooner or later." My father was greatly shocked. "Can you not feel," he asked them, "the harshness and injustice of such treatment, and still more

its inutility?"—"We are aware that it is unpleasant; but we have only to execute our orders." At length they agreed to let me finish my dinner; and telling the sergeant to lock me into my dungeon the moment it was over, they departed. We were in the deepest consternation and silence, when the sergeant, having conducted these personages out of the tower, came to us, and took a seat at some distance from the table. Fortunately he was an excellent creature, and the state in which he saw us touched him to the soul. "Don't be cast down!" cried he; "if all the municipalities upon earth were to give me such orders, I would not execute them! Make yourselves easy; you shall remain together, unless my officer himself comes to separate you. In the evening, at dusk, I will come and take you to the little terrace, where you may take the air unmolested. I will do more: I will not say a word of the order of these chaps to those who relieve me; and you will continue to enjoy the same consolations." This speech, so unlooked for, not

only gave us inexpressible joy, but affected us deeply. We sought in vain to give words to our gratitude toward this generous being, whom we had never seen before, and to whom we were so much indebted: but he saw what we felt, and it was his only recompense; for he would not accept even the smallest trifle.

Every thing happened as he had said. We remained together, and were permitted to breathe the air of the terrace, for a longer or shorter time, almost every evening. When any administrator or general officer came to visit the tower, which seldom happened, the sergeant flew to put us under the locks and grates of our respective dungeons; but he opened them again the moment they were gone, and left us free to communicate as before. One day, when I had been hastily shut up in this way, I heard through my door one of these personages say, as he was going up the staircase: "Above is the *ci-devant* duke of Orleans, and below is his eldest son; but they will not be there long, *for their heads must explode!*" Though this was

the first hint of the sort that I had heard, it made in this instance the stronger impression upon me; as, from the desire every one feels of feeding hope, we had regarded the indulgencies which proceeded entirely from the humanity of the sergeants, as harbingers of better fortune.

Thus passed September, and part of the following month. On the morning of the 15th of October, when I was talking with my father, Beaujolais hurried in with a disturbed air, which he tried in vain to dissemble. My father asked whether any thing new had occurred. "There is something about you in the papers," he replied. "That is nothing new, my dear boy; it is an honour that is often done me: but I should like to see the paper, if you can get it."—"It was at my aunt's I saw it, and she charged me not to mention it to you; but I know you wish nothing to be kept from you." —"You are right. But tell me, is it in the Convention I have been spoken of?"—"It is, papa; and it is decreed that you are to be put

on your trial."—"So much the better, so much the better, my son; it must come to an end soon, one way or the other. And of what can I be accused? Embrace me, my children; the news delights me!" I was far from sharing his joy; but his conscious security, and the propensity we all have to believe what we wish, made me feel less uneasy than I should have done, had the intelligence reached me when he was not by. The paper was brought, and he read the decree of accusation against himself and several others. "It is built," said he, "on nothing; it has been solicited by miscreants; but no matter: let them do their worst; I defy them to bring any thing against me!" In this manner did that enviable spirit of optimism which prevailed in his character, conceal from him the danger to which he was exposed. "Come, my dear boys," continued he, "do not let this good news deject you, but sit down, and let us have a game!" We did so, and he played as freely and as cheerfully as if nothing had happened. He told me afterwards

that I should be taken with him to Paris to stand my trial. I thought so too; but my presentiment was by no means equally consoling as to the result. Some days after, we had a visit from the three commissioners who had come from Paris to seek their victim. They addressed us in the politest, and even most *honied* tone (their motive I could never ascertain), begged that we would not be under the slightest apprehension, and assured us that it was more an explanation than a trial, that was desired. They said also, in answer to a question from my father, that they had no orders whatever respecting me, and that as to his own departure, he had better hold himself in readiness, as they must come for him in a very few days.

On the 23rd of October, at five in the morning, I was waked by my poor father entering my dungeon with the butchers who were about to bear him off to the slaughter. He embraced me tenderly. "I come, my dear Montpensier," said he, "to bid you adieu, for I am just

setting off." I was so petrified I could not speak. I pressed him to my bosom in an agony of tears. "I meant," added he, "to have gone without taking leave, for such moments are always painful; but I could not overcome the desire of seeing you once more before I went. Farewell, my child! take comfort! comfort your brother, and think, both of you, what happiness we shall enjoy when next we meet!" Alas! that happiness we were never destined to enjoy. Unfortunate and excellent father! Whoever could have had the opportunity of seeing you near, and knowing you truly, must own (if he be not an arrant slanderer), that neither ambition, nor thirst for vengeance had the smallest place in your heart; that the qualities of your mind were of the most pleasing, as well as the most substantial kind; though you might perhaps have been destitute of that decision which makes a man act from himself alone;—while the too great facility with which you gave up your confidence to others, enabled scoundrels to obtain it, in order to destroy

you, and make you the victim of their atrocious schemes: he, who should speak thus of you, would but render you the strictest justice. But your enemies would drown his voice in clamour, and unfortunately they have too much the power. Well! let them consummate their work! Let them complete their malignity by blasting the memory of the unfortunate good man they have sacrificed! But, oh! may the time come when your character shall be appreciated! May the world know what I know; and may I then be in being!

But to return to my sad story. I went up to Beaujolais, whom I found in tears, and we passed the whole day in talking of him from whom we could not bring ourselves to believe we were separated for ever. The next day we busied ourselves with devising how to get away from the hateful spot where we had passed nearly five tedious months; that is to say, we drew up petitions to the constituted authorities. We could not conceive why they should be desirous of confining in dungeons

two youths, the one eighteen and the other only fourteen, against whom there was not the shadow of an accusation; and we flattered ourselves that they would at least grant us healthier and lighter rooms, and a little more liberty. But we were mistaken. The answer to our petitions was an order, forbidding our being allowed to quit the tower, even for a moment; and enjoining, that we should only take the air in the day time on the top of the tower, where a sentry was placed, whose duty it was to shut the door an hour before sunset. This new severity, so contrary to what our foolish hopes had excited in us, struck us with amazement, and excited a mingled feeling of resentment and indignation, which we could not conceal from the bearer of the despotic order; but, as usual, we were forced to submit with the best grace we could.

In about eight or ten days after my father's departure, we were delighted with a letter from him, dated at Lyons. It was short, and consisted merely of a few particulars, tolerably sa-

tisfactory, respecting his health and situation. This was the last time we ever heard from him. We were not allowed to read the public papers, though we requested it with more earnestness than ever. Our gentlemen, however, were considerate enough to let us have such letters aswere written to us, in which, of course, every subject that could excite the least suspicion, was studiously avoided. The only persons who had written since our imprisonment, were my mother, who remained at Vernon till the awful epoch of which I am about to speak; and madame de B——, the excellent friend of my father and ourselves, who never ceased to give us the most affecting proofs of her attachment; and who, to continue the consolation we derived from her correspondence, spurned the danger she incurred in communicating with persons thus suspected, even when the storm was most appalling. The good Lebrun too, who had been our sub-tutor, ought not to be omitted: though his situation was critical, he continued to write to us from time to time; and

it was a letter of his dated the 8th of November, though it did not come to hand till the 18th, that gave us the first apprehension of the dreadful calamity that had befallen us, and of which we were wholly ignorant. I use the word *apprehension*, because, though the letter exhorted us to resignation, and recommended submission to the decrees of Providence, in a way too clear to be misunderstood, still tales were brought us so opposite to the truth, that, spite of the internal evidence of this letter, we contrived to explain it away, and clung to the delusion against which it should have protected us. "If any thing had happened to my father," we said, "should we not have been informed of it more distinctly? Would it not have reached us in another way? No, no: the worthy Lebrun exhorts us to resignation, merely because he knows how much, especially in the absence of my father, our situation makes it necessary."

Even in reasoning thus, we were greatly agitated; but we endeavoured to conceal our

fears from each other. Unable to obtain the public papers, though we employed the most earnest supplications, we overwhelmed with questions the officer on duty, and the corporals and sergeants that came to us occasionally; but all were unwilling to disclose to us the fatal truth. At last, a city guard (who had been placed over us by the municipality and administrators, ostensibly, to see their orders executed, but really as spies, to make known what we said and did,) told us one evening, with an awkward air, that my aunt had obtained leave to pass an hour with us the next day. This raised our uneasiness to its height, but we still kept hold of our delusion. "My aunt," we said to each other, "never looks but at the dark side of things. She always fancied my father in some perilous situation, and she is coming, no doubt, to prepare us for some misfortune she fears, but none of which she has any certain knowledge." On the morrow, (oh! day of agony!) it was so dark in our dungeon, that we were obliged (which happened some-

times), to keep candles burning till bed-time. About noon my aunt came. "My poor children!" cried she, after fixing her eyes piteously on us for some time, "I hope you are prepared for the painful duty I have to fulfil towards you!"—"No, aunt," we eagerly replied, "we are not prepared for any thing, we know nothing."—"Is it possible you should not have had some presentiment of a misfortune, so terrible, that religion alone can enable you to support it with firmness? You must no longer be deceived. First, read this from your mother, which has been entrusted to me to deliver to you." The letter only contained these words, in a very large and disfigured hand: "Live, wretched children! for your equally wretched mother!" This heart-rending injunction totally overcame me. I looked at Beaujolais, and our eyes scarcely met, when the tears streamed from them, and with the more violence from having been so long suppressed. But even yet, not being able to admit the frightful idea of the loss we had

sustained, "Aunt!" cried I, "in mercy be explicit! What is become of my father?"—"You have no longer a father!" she replied. "He has been condemned and executed!" I had only time to exclaim, "O, execrable monsters!" before I fell senseless. Beaujolais fainted also. On coming to myself, I was in convulsions. They attempted to place me on a bed: it was the same my poor father had slept in for four months! The sight had an effect upon me impossible to be described: I raved, I howled, I threatened my father's murderers,—I called upon them to put me to death. Never was there a state of greater violence, or of greater anguish. My aunt began to exhort me; but I was so little inclined to attend to her, that she desisted, and withdrew.*

* The duke of Orleans arrived at Paris in the night between the 5th and 6th of November, and was taken directly to the Conciergerie, where he was informed that he must appear the next day before the tribunal. It was not till then that he was made acquainted with the decree of accusation upon which he was to be tried. How great was

When we had become a little composed, and could talk over our calamity, I said to Beaujo-

his astonishment, when he found that it was, word for word, the same as the decree which had been drawn up against the Girondins, and upon which they had been condemned and executed a week before. Pains had not been taken to make a separate one, that it might at least appear applicable to the Duke's case. Among the leading charges, was one aimed at the deputy Carra, who was reproached, but very unjustly, with wishing to place the duke of York on the throne of France. When the duke of Orleans heard this article read, he said, drily, "Really, this has the air of a joke!" Summoned by the tribunal to declare what answer he had to make to the charges against him, he merely remarked, that they destroyed themselves, and could have no application to him, since it was well known that he had always been in opposition to the system and measures of the party he was accused of favoring. Nevertheless, the tribunal having gone through the case, and condemned him to death, without quitting their places, he heard his sentence without being for a moment disconcerted, and said, "Since you were resolved I should perish, you ought at least to have found more plausible pretexts by which to accomplish your views; for you will never be able to make any one believe that you suppose me capable of the

lais, that I had no doubt the miscreants who had murdered my father would deem their work incomplete while his children lived, and would not stop short at another crime. I added, that death, besides, was what we ought to desire most, since we could now no longer hope for liberty. Beaujalois assured me that his sentiments were precisely the same; and deriving courage from the persuasion that our sufferings had not long to last, we brought our-

several things of which you have just declared me convicted; and especially you, sir (fixing his eyes on the foreman of the jury, Antonelle), who know me so well! Still," continued he, "since my fate is decided, I have only to request that you will not suffer me to languish here till to-morrow, but order me instantly to be conducted to the place of execution." This melancholy favor was readily granted. Crossing the square before the Palais Royal, the cart was stopped for a few moments, during which he turned his eyes with indifference to the front of his palace. Having reached the square of Louis XV. he ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and received the stroke of death on the 16th of Brumaire, year 8, (6th November, 1793,) at four in the afternoon.—*(Extract from Memoires du temps.)—Editor.*

selves to endure them with greater strength and calmness. Now and then, when darker ideas began to assume the mastery, and we found it difficult to subdue them, we forced ourselves to take an additional glass of wine or two, and then had recourse to smoking, which produced a kind of delirium that rendered us less sensible to the horror of our situation, and lulled us into a salutary sleep. Frightful state of existence! We envied the very beasts of the field. "They, exempt from the torment of thought," we cried, "they are happy!" More than once we laid our heads upon our pillows, wishing that we might never more awake; and in this wish we were sincere. Indeed, the moment of waking was perhaps the most intolerable of all: the sight of our dungeon, into which day-light only struggled through three rows of bars and a grating, as if to make the horror more conspicuous, revived the despair of which the night's slumber had for a while cheated us. Hope was almost extinct in our bosoms. I say *almost;* for, thanks

to Divine Providence! it can never be wholly overpowered. Yet to what could we rationally look forward? The decree by which the department and municipality, after having received all our remonstrances, condemned us to remain in close confinement, showed that it was meant we should remain a long time there, or at least till it should be deemed expedient to send us to the slaughter-house. Besides, the public papers, which we were sometimes suffered to read, left no doubt of the irrevocable proscription which the infuriated wretches then in power had denounced against all the nobility, and, of course, more pointedly against our family and us. Their malice extended even to children, whom they designated *wolves' cubs*, and to whom they openly avowed they would show no quarter. Hence we could hope for no protection, even from our tender years, nor lull ourselves into any illusion as to the fate which awaited us. Still, as I have said before, we had brought ourselves to look at it with a calmness so perfect as to border almost on indiffer-

ence. Accordingly, our minds became free enough to take pleasure in reading, to which we gave up the greater part of the day. An incalculable resource, of which we should have been deprived, had we not succeeded in banishing the horrid thoughts that naturally sprung from our situation. We were, as I believe I have already mentioned, subscribers to a library, whence we were allowed to receive books, after they had gone through the ordeal to which every thing that came to us was subject. We thus consecrated our sad days to reading, and the short walks allowed us on a terrace of about fourteen feet square, at the top of the tower.

I forgot to say, that by one of the articles of the decree that confined us to this melancholy abode, we were expressly forbidden to see any person whatever from without, and our servant had the choice of becoming a prisoner in the tower, if he wished to remain in our service, or of instantly quitting the fortress, to return to it no more, in the event of declining this condition. This servant was a Limousin, of the

name of Coste, who brought us our dinner from the cook, and whom we had taken into our service on the departure of Gamache, who had accompanied my father. Coste was fond of money, and a promise of thirty francs (in assignats, which depreciated greatly), in addition to the forty-five which the department allowed him, determined him to comply with the required restriction, and shut himself up with us. I was astonished at such a sacrifice for money, and especially for so small a sum. We have since, however, had reason to believe that he was a spy, and that he communicated to the department and the municipality every thing we said; nay, one day we even caught him listening at our door, which determined us to dismiss him; but we did not do it till long after; for he passed six months with us in this blessed tower. Certainly the life he led there was as dull and tiresome as can well be imagined; for he could neither read nor write, and had nothing to do after making our beds and waiting at table, which was soon over, but to eat and

drink, in which he excelled. The rest of his time he passed on the terrace, talking to the sentry, when the sentry would listen to him, which he generally did. He was drunk every night, and quarrelsome in his cups, on which account, when the wine began to show itself, it was our practice to send him to bed; but he always went away grumbling. He slept below, in the place in which I was shut up for three months with Gamache; for these gentlemen had had the kindness to grant us, by their decree, the *enjoyment* of two dungeons in the tower, as well as the little staircase leading from one to the other, and ending at the terrace, the door of which was never open but in the day-time. It was shut in the evening at sun-set, and opened the next morning. The sentry above was relieved every two hours, and the corporal and soldiers very often entered our gloomy habitation to satisfy their curiosity by looking at us. These impertinencies became so frequent and disgusting, that we asked, and obtained, permission to fasten our door on the inside with a

little hook we had put on it. This precaution did not free us from the intrusion of these military gentry, in their relieving guard during the day; but we excused ourselves for refusing to open the door in the night, and generally it was not insisted on. There was one individual, however, who came once to our cell at midnight, and began knocking loudly at the door. Roused out of my sleep, I asked who was there. "The night watch!" he replied.—"Citizen, we are in bed, and we are usually left to sleep undisturbed."—"Open the door! I must come in!" —"It shall be opened to-morrow; we are in bed now, and we beg you will let us sleep."— "Open it instantly! or I will break it open!"— "Break it, then, citizen, if you please, for at this hour certainly we shall not open it!" Upon this he went away, uttering a thousand menaces which his rage dictated. At five in the morning he came again, when the same menaces were met by the same replies. At nine he repeated his visit, while we were at breakfast. His excessive rudeness had made us determine not to open to

him at all, but wait till noon, when the guard would be relieved. To make sure, however, of the pleasure he had so pertinaciously sought, he had recourse to a stratagem, which was, to counterfeit the voice of the commandant of the fortress. He had very recently been appointed, and, though unable to better our situation, had been to see us, and evinced during his visit that he felt for, and pitied us. Thinking it was he, we opened the door quickly, but were cruelly disappointed when we saw an utter stranger, who rushed upon us with a drawn sword, and every demonstration of fury. "I will teach you," cried he, "what it is to resist a republican!" A sergeant, who was at his heels, held him back. "My officer, let these unfortunate youths alone; it would be cowardly to hurt them in the situation they are!"—"No!" he replied; "they are b—y aristocrats, and nothing is too bad for them!"—"Come on then, wretch!" we cried. "Exercise your valour on two defenceless prisoners; your sabre and your threats have no terror for us!"—"Rest thee awhile as

thou art," said he, addressing himself to me with revolutionary familiarity; "the guillotine will spare me the trouble of treating thee as thou deservest! Only bear in mind the fate of thy relations, and tremble, for such will be thy own fate! and the report I shall make to the representatives of the people may hasten it. Good bye!" and he marched off.

A few minutes after, the commandant came to see us, and without our speaking of the matter, assured us, that to prevent any ill effect from what such a wretch might say, he would draw up a statement, detailing exactly what had passed, and demand that the poltroon who had thus insulted, obstinately and deliberately, prisoners under his charge, should receive a proper reprimand. We begged he would give up the last part of his intention, and confine himself to a mere narrative of facts, and he promised to do so. We, however, heard nothing more of the affair, nor ever saw the scoundrel again. We merely learned from some of his comrades, who succeeded him on guard, that he had been

what is called a *barker* at the doors of theatres;* and I owe them the justice to add, that they spoke of him with utter contempt, and assured us they were all shocked at his conduct. We thanked them for their civility, which seemed sincere, and consequently gave us pleasure, and we assured them on our part, that this *barker's* insolence had made very little impression on us.

Since our arrival at Marseilles, the department, by order of the Convention, had paid all the bills of the purveyor who supplied our food. All at once this payment was stopped, and our maintenance rated at twenty-four francs in assignats daily, equivalent then to only eight francs in silver. These eight francs passed through the hands of the purveyor, who pocketed half the money, and fed us badly. We made warm remonstrances on this subject to *our guardians*, and succeeded in getting the money paid into our own hands instead of the purveyor's; so

* One who calls the carriages.

that we were enabled to have the *pot boiling* in our tower, and our cooking done by our own servant. This arrangement suited us the better, as we had not a farthing of our own, and trifling as the sum was for three persons (our servant and ourselves), we hoped to save enough out of it to pay our washing, and other little unavoidable expenses. The department had also supplied us with a long coat, a waistcoat, a pair of flannel trowsers, and rough shoes; and lastly, which completed the costume, a hair cap, the fur of which had once graced some domestic animal. Besides all this, they had given us each a dozen shirts, the linen of which would have been more in its place, if it had been made into clouts for the kitchen. So well equipped, we should have done wrong to complain; and if we had, it would have been of no use; so we said nothing. In the mean time, they allowed us to receive a letter, how I know not, from my mother, in which she mentioned having sent us twelve thousand francs, which Rabant, a merchant, was directed to place with the constituted authorities (the

department, the district, and the municipality) to be remitted to us in such portions, and in such manner, as they might deem proper. This sum seemed to us an inexhaustible resource; but we doubted its ever reaching us, and our doubts were but too well founded. The gentlemen of the district received it, and thought fit to confiscate it without saying a word: of this we were not sure till a long while after, none of our applications respecting it having been replied to.

We at last made up our minds to *put the best face on the affair*, as we had done on many others; and to endure the wretched life to which we were doomed with patience, till it should be deemed expedient to rid us of it. With the exception of some few episodes, not unlike those I have already quoted, and now and then an increase or decrease of rigour, as our guardians happened to be in the humour, our situation underwent no change during the whole weary winter; and consequently offers nothing worthy of record. It strikes me, that I have omitted

to mention we were allowed to read the papers, which yielded us nothing but reports of the fall of persons, for whom we felt interest or affection; or of new threats and insults, unceasingly poured out against the proscribed. We never opened these horrible journals without repugnance, which extreme anxiety to know for what new victims we had to weep, and whether our own names were yet set down to follow them, could alone overcome. Towards March, 1794, we learned, that a new representative of the people had arrived at Marseilles, with the fullest powers, and proclaiming his intention to repair the injustice of his predecessors. This was Maignet, whose name was afterward rendered so famous in the South, by the atrocities he perpetrated there; but who then was almost unknown. Some relief was therefore expected from the new comer, for we must ever hope. For our parts, without indulging hope, and notwithstanding our disgust for petitions, we determined to risque another very short one, in which we stated to the

citizen representative,—that the decree, which deprived us of our liberty, expressed that we should be detained *in the forts and castles of Marseilles,* not buried in a dungeon, like that in which we had languished above nine months; that we claimed the fulfilment of that decree, which had only been adhered to in the case of the Prince of Conti, and my aunt, but violated in ours in a manner the most cruel and unjust. This petition had no better fate than the preceding one, nor was it honoured with the slighest notice; but this is the way they contrived *to do right,* as Maignet ironically phrased it. The 3rd of April, nearly three weeks after our petition was sent, we were awakened at five in the morning by a loud knocking at our door (I have already mentioned the permission we obtained to fasten it inside). "Who knocks?" we cried, "What is wanted?" "It is I, answered a voice, we at once recognized as that of the Prince of Conti. "It is I, citizens: I am sent to share your room." I understood him to say your *doom,* and doubted not

we were to be led together to the revolutionary tribunal. I opened the door; and notwithstanding my gloomy anticipations, had the greatest difficulty to keep myself from laughing outright at the strange figure which stood before me.

It would be impossible to give an idea of the face of the prince of Conti: his head covered with curls in paper, a little three-cocked hat placed horizontally over it, and his customary grimaces increased by those excited by the occasion. Thrusting forward his cane, he bawled out, "What, rascal! is this the place?" His old and faithful valet Jacquelin followed him, with a city guard, whose insolent air justified his selection for such an office. "Now," said the guard, addressing the prince, "I have only to send in your bed and luggage, and my orders about you will all be fulfilled to the letter." "I am destined to die in a slow fire!" cried he: "well! never fear, it will soon be over! I shall soon be smothered in this horrible place. How, poor young lads," con-

tinued he, addressing us, "have you been able to keep yourselves alive here ten months?" We only answered his question by assuring him of our sincere regret at finding him compelled, at his age, to share our rigorous fate. He began to weep; then throwing himself on a chair, he remained awhile in deep meditation; and then again all at once called out; "Jacquelin, what day of the month is this?"—"My Lord, the third of April."—"You don't know what you are talking about, for 'tis the tenth!"—"I have the honour to assure my Lord it is the third."—"I tell you it is the tenth!"—"My Lord, 'tis only the third." And each persisted in his opinion. This dispute, though indeed it was only muttered, would have gone on for a long time, had I not ended it, by certifying that the almanac gained the cause for Jacquelin, and that it was really the third of April. We could not get over the astonishment we felt at our poor uncle's arrival; but we were afraid to question him respecting the cause, lest it should augment his chagrin. Seeing

him given up to the most bitter and alarming anguish, we begged he would go and take the air on the terrace over the tower, where we were allowed to pass an hour or two in presence of a sentinel: he consented, and the air seemed to do him good. Scarcely was he a little recovered, when he took us both apart, saying, as low as he could (which was not very low, for his boisterous voice always broke forth in spite of himself); "Sirs, I will not conceal from you that it is all over with us; nay, I am bound to tell you that we have not even four-and-twenty hours to live! I am only shut up with you here, as oxen and sheep are shut up when the time is come for them to be slaughtered. Do you see yonder ship?" cried he, pointing with his cane to a vessel in the harbour). "Well, that is the place of execution: thither we are to be taken to be drowned, the moment we get out of the harbour, by means of a sucker *(soupape)*: 'twill turn out just as I tell you, you may depend upon it!" This speech made us afraid our old relative had really lost

his senses; for, though we were thoroughly persuaded that our death had been long settled, we could not think it likely that any of the victims should be apprised of the time, place, and species of death intended for them. Surely nothing could be less probable; and it seemed to us more natural to believe, that this frightful scheme had no existence but in the terrors of our poor partner in calamity. The result proved that we were right.

Towards noon, the beds of the prince of Conti and Jacquelin were brought, together with a large easy chair, and a chest of drawers full of things. The prince, addressing the secretary of the commandant, who came with the luggage, said: "Is it not terrible, citizen P—, to huddle us up in this abominable hole, like beasts going to slaughter? And to cap the climax of these poor lads' miseries by sending them an infirm old man, who will prove, in spite of himself, their scourge?" The tone and singular gestures which accompanied this harangue, left us no choice, and we burst into an immoderate

fit of laughter, the more ungovernable from our efforts to restrain it.* The prince, not in the least disconcerted, went on declaiming in the same manner, till citizen P—— assured him, with a honied and hypocritical accent, that he was sincerely grieved at his situation, but unfortunately could do nothing for him; and that the proper person to apply to was the representative. He added, that he had it in charge to state, that his valet, Jacquelin, could only be allowed to remain with him, on condition of making himself a prisoner; but that his valet, Courvoisier, might pass to and fro on messages, provided he submitted to the prescribed search in going out and coming in. Jacquelin declared he would never abandon his

* The prince of Conti placed us every moment in a very awkward predicament. His years, his misfortunes, his terrors, excited sympathy. But his language, his complaints, the extraordinary contrast between his dress, his manners, his habits, and the state to which we were reduced, sometimes provoked involuntary mirth: it was scarcely possible to see or hearken, without pitying, and without laughing at him.

master. The prince thanked him, and seemed moved: but immediately said; "Jacquelin, you don't know the extent of the sacrifice you are making to me; you don't know that to show attachment to a being proscribed as I am is a crime, and you are a lost man!"—"Alas! my Lord," resumed the other, "wherefore thus despair? Your situation is dreadful, I grant; but allow me the freedom to tell you that you exaggerate its danger." It was thus this worthy man attempted to encourage his old master, towards whom he kept up all the forms of etiquette as respectfully as if his fate and fortune were unchanged. It was not so with Courvoisier, who seemed to have given up all observance of respect both as to language and conduct. Still he rendered the prince some services of no inconsiderable importance; but, after a while he abandoned him, and returned to Paris.

The first night the poor prince passed in our sad abode, was taken up entirely by a dialogue between him and his valet-de-chambre, who

nevertheless took a nap from time to time, only half answering his master, and then not till he had had two or three calls. As to Beaujolais and myself, the noise and the light prevented us from closing our eyes, so that we lost not a syllable of their conversation. "Jacquelin, are the young gentlemen asleep?"—"I believe so, my Lord."—"How can they sleep in this execrable place?" He made his repeater strike: then a moment after, "Jacquelin, I hear a noise: no doubt they are coming to butcher us!" At last, just before breakfast, we fell into a doze, from which, however, we were roused by the cries of the prince.

"Gentlemen, get up! I hear armed men coming up the little staircase, and God knows for what!" We relieved him with the assurance that it was only the corporal of the guard, who was going, according to custom, to open the terrace door, an hour after sun-rise, and place a sentry there. His apprehensions and panics were so frequent and so lively, that it seemed to me impossible his head should long bear up

against them; and his wits I thought must soon be entirely wrecked. Still he was fortunate enough to keep them safe and sound, in every respect, during the three months from this time to the execution of Robespierre, which did not take place till the end of July of that year, 1794; but the grounds of alarm during this interval became both more frequent and more terrible. The first days of his seclusion in the tower were taken up in writing petition after petition, and all to no purpose. Nevertheless the occupation filled up part of his day, and he usually passed the remainder on the terrace. At night, he descended again into what he called, with truth, *his tomb;* and, after supper, which was his principal meal, and which he spun out as long as he could, he frequently amused us with stories of his early life. Then Jacquelin put his hair in paper, a ceremony which he never once missed, though the sort of dwelling he now occupied one would have supposed might have spared him the trouble.

I have forgotten, I believe, to state, that the manner in which the representative, Maignet, judged it expedient to *do right* to our petition, had been to issue a decree, requiring that all the members of the Bourbon family detained in the fort of St. John, should be put together in the tower of that fort, and all treated exactly alike. It was by authority of this decree that my unfortunate kinsman was brought thither; and the same fate was intended for my aunt, when her tears obtained a suspension of the order, on condition of her no longer going out to walk in the fort as she had been in the habit of doing. But to return to what passed in our wretched tower.

As my aunt was not to come, the prince of Conti settled himself with Jacquelin, in the dungeon below, leaving us in undisturbed possession of that above. Still we were almost always together, excepting at night, and the time the prince took up in making his toilet, which was never less than two or three hours. One morning, when Beaujolais and myself were

walking on the terrace, we saw passing on the quay, for the first time, the *procession of the decade.* It was formed by twelve or fifteen blackguards, clad in the Roman costume, bearing busts of Brutus, Marat, and Lepelletier, besides an enormous *mountain,* in plaister. All the administrative bodies pompously followed this ridiculous masquerade; and they were accompanied by a throng of fools, who made their throats sore with bawling, "*Viva la republico et la Montagno!*" Thinking the novelty might for a moment amuse our venerable companion in misfortune, we went down to tell him of it, and to propose his coming up to take a glance at the strange sight. We found him in a dressing gown of crimson large-flowered damask, a night-cap on his head tied with a riband, and seemed greatly alarmed at our visit, simple as was its motive. "O, the devil! What procession?" he asked, with a terrified air: "I dont care about seeing such things!— Pray, gentlemen, can't I be excused?" We assured him nothing was easier; and that we

only came to tell him, because the thing seemed so curious to us, that we thought it might amuse him to see it. "If that's the case," replied he, "I am much obliged to you, and I'll go to the terrace with you." He did so, and in the dress I have described, with a large telescope, which he pointed towards the quay, crying, "Where are they? Where are they?" His appearance was so irresistibly comic, that not only the sentry could not stand it, but burst out at once; and the infection caught all the soldiers at the foot of the tower, as well as those on the draw-bridge. Luckily, this worthy being was too much absorbed in the procession of the decade, to notice the effect produced by his dressing gown, his night-cap, his slippers, and his fly-away air.

Ten or twelve days afterwards, Courvoisier, the other valet of the prince, to whom I have already alluded, came to inform him that, at his solicitation, the administration of the department had appointed commissioners to examine our prison, and transfer us to some healthier

and more habitable place, should they find it as frightful as had been depicted. "I told them," added he, "that you could not see at all in your tower, and that it was so damp, that you were obliged to keep a fire, spite of the smoke, which was suffocating; therefore, to make my words true, take care to-morrow, when they come, to increase the smoke, so that they may themselves be stifled!" In conformity with this advice, we did not fail next day to augment the ordinary dose of smoke in every possible way. The prince of Conti cried: "Gentlemen! Gentlemen! light fires every where! let us smoke ourselves! let us smoke ourselves!" and so well did we succeed, that we should have been really smothered, had we not gone to breathe on the terrace till the coming of the commissioners. These gentlemen made their appearance in the tower about noon. They were accompanied by the commandant of the place, whose name was *Vouland*, an old soldier, who, though a jacobin, had preserved good manners and an appearance widely

different from the *citizen commissioners.* As for them, their deportment was just what might have been expected. "Hey-dey!" said they, as they entered; "so you find yourselves *mighty badly off here?*"—"Citizen," replied the prince, "judge for yourselves. Is this wretched den a proper asylum for an unfortunate old man who can be accused of nothing?" —"*There is no talk here of accusation. The National Convention have ordered thee, Conti, and thy family, to be kept close, as a measure of public safety: it has its reasons for what has been done, and 'tis none of our business. As to this place here, it is no great things, to be sure; but then it is strong; and there are many much worse, take my word for it.*"—"Citizens, all I can say is, if you condemn me to remain in it, you condemn me to death; for I feel I cannot much longer survive the horrors of this abode."— "Indeed!" exclaimed one of the commissioners, "can that old cry-baby care so much about living a few days more? If he suffers, he ought rather to rejoice at the prospect of his

sufferings being thus so soon ended!" This fiend-like observation, of which I caught every syllable, luckily did not reach the ear of our aged relative, who at the time was weeping and groaning.* "Why," resumed one of the commissioners, "these young folks have lived very well here these ten months!"—"Yes," cried I, "so well, that I should prefer death to remaining ten months longer! We have incessantly appealed against the injustice and cruelty of the treatment we have been compelled to endure: we are persuaded that our complaints never could have reached you; and we now rejoice in the opportunity of personally

* This brings to my mind, that another time, when we had a visit of the same sort from the Commissioners of the municipality or the department, the prince of Conti, having thought it his duty to bow and thank them for some insignificant permission they had granted him, they cried: "No thanks, no scrapings, Conti. All that is of the old order of things, and we'll have none of it." "Alas!" replied our unfortunate kinsman, "a habit of sixty years cannot be conquered in a day!"

addressing you, satisfied that you will at length remove us from the loathsome abode, in which we have so long languished." "*We'll see about it. There's certainly a mighty deal of smoke here;* but you need'n't have it if you dont like. Make no fire, and you'll have no smoke." "Nay! but citizen," said the prince, "think of the dampness of these vaults and black walls, and the infectious air that always pervades them!"

They whispered together for some minutes, and then told us—"If we can find another spot, equally secure, and where you can be more comfortable, we will transfer you to it: in the meantime, try to be patient. Good day, citizens!" This said, they went their way. "Well!" said the prince of Conti to me, when they were gone, "Do you think these folks will get us from here?"—"Alas!" answered I, "it is impossible to calculate on their promises; but we must never despair of any thing." I myself had very slight hopes indeed, but I was mistaken.

There was in the fortress, among the decent and habitable parts of it, a suite of five or six little rooms, which received their only light from a gallery, with six large windows; these rooms, before the Revolution, were the apartments of the major of the place, or second in command; and it was these the prince and my aunt had occupied, when it was deemed expedient to put us in the tower. Other lodgings were then assigned to them, till at last the prince was again removed, and made a sharer of our shocking domicile. The commissioners went to examine these rooms, and after mature deliberation, decided, that on blocking up three of the windows, grating the other three, walling in one of the two outlets of the gallery, and establishing in the other a massy door, with three bolts, and guarded by a sentinel, *there would be nothing inexpedient* in transferring us thither. Courvoisier hastened to bring us the decision; and however trifling the advantage may appear to others, it gave Beaujolais and myself the liveliest joy. Without having

passed ten months in the darkness to which we had been consigned, and feeling the same despair of ever emerging from it, certainly no one could have felt happy in a transfer to an abode, walled, bolted, and rendered, by the obliging attention of the gentlemen commissioners, as gloomy and disagreeable as it could well be made. The prince of Conti, though at first well enough pleased, was, nevertheless, far from sharing our transports. "This lodging," said he, "was already gloomy enough of itself; but, great God! what will it be with three windows blocked up, and the three others grated!"—"Nay," we replied, "rather think of what a place you are now in, and congratulate yourself on getting out of it on any terms." He admitted that it would be hard to make a change, whatever it might be, that would not be for the better, and with one accord we prayed for the speedy completion of the *grating* and *blocking up*. From the summit of our tower, we daily watched the progress of the alterations; and the prince,

who had money, frequently sent *something for drink* to the workmen, that the job might go on more rapidly. "Is it not terrible," said he, "to pay for accelerating the completion of one's own *cage*, and to sigh for the moment when it may be adequately provided with bars and grates, to encourage our keepers to do us the favour to put us there?" At length, at the expiration of about three weeks, the happy moment came. The commissioners, having been apprised of the thorough fulfilment of their orders, appeared to conduct us to our new cage; and on the 1st of May, 1794, we quitted the horrible tower, which we had entered on the 1st of June, 1793. "What! are we indeed out of that infernal abode, never more to return thither!" We could not believe the reality of such a blessing, and we enjoyed a degree of pleasure inexpressible, in pressing with our feet the little space of ground and verdure we had to pass over to our new dwelling. It was certainly none of the most splendid; but to us it seemed a palace. The rooms

were small and dark enough; but coming from the womb of those horrid black walls, decorated with massy rings, and surmounted by a dismal arch, how could a real chamber appear other than enchanting, be it what it might! We were in raptures! The age of the prince of course made it proper we should leave him the first choice of chambers; which done, we settled ourselves in the two he left, sharing with him the use of a third, of which we made a kitchen.

We had always entertained doubts of our servant* Coste, who was the greater part of the time drunk. Having detected him one day listening at our door, we dismissed him, and took another of the name of Louis, who, when our provisions were supplied by the purveyor, had brought up our dinner, but who, on our new establishment of a kitchen, undertook to

* Or rather our *agent*; the word servant having been exploded in these revolutionary times, as contrary to the system of equality, and its place supplied by that of agent.

do for us himself; a duty he fulfilled sometimes well, and sometimes ill, but always civilly. Louis had leave to go in and out on our messages, as also had Madelaine, the servant and cook of the prince of Conti, as well as her husband, whose name was Francis, and the faithful Jacquelin. They were all in a manner searched, both in going and returning, sometimes more rigorously, some times scarcely at all, according to the malice, whim, or good dispositions of the soldiers who guarded us, and who were relieved every four-and-twenty hours. There were battalions almost wholly composed of worthy creatures, who sought to temper the severity of their orders, and who often proved to us, how much pain it gave them not to have it in their power to dispense with the execution of them altogether. Yet there were others on the contrary, who took a pride in exceeding the rigor of the duty enjoined them, and sought to annoy us by their revolutionary songs, and remarks to one another. The last were by much the least nu-

merous; that is to say, the least numerous among the paid troops, volunteers, and others; but among the national guards there was seldom a favourable exception; they were nearly all ill disposed, for arms were never given to any but rogues. After the city was declared in a state of siege, the guard of the forts, however, was confided exclusively to the regular troops.

Under the windows of our gallery there was a little garden (formerly belonging to the major of the place), about twenty yards long by seven or eight wide, and surrounded by walls. The enjoyment of this garden was our highest ambition; nor could it be attended with the slightest inconvenience to grant us; as, if the sentry at our door were to be placed below, we should have been as much in prison there as above, with the advantage of enjoying the fresh air, and stretching our legs a little more freely. But even this we had the utmost difficulty in obtaining; and it was only by dint of presents to citizen P——, the commandant's secretary, then inspector of the prison, that we could

extort the favour. These presents were all at the expence of the prince of Conti, for he had money; having had the good luck to carry off a very large sum from Paris, with which he had had the forethought to provide himself. As for us, what they gave us was scarcely sufficient for the purchase of a little meat (and that not every day, for it was very dear), a few vegetables, and a bottle of bad wine, for which we paid five sous. There was the washing and firing to pay for besides, and the maintenance of Louis, who ate what we left, but drank rather more. To meet all this, we had but twenty-four francs in assignats, equivalent at that period to about six francs. Less fortunate than the prince, I had only been able to save from the fray, about twelve Louis-d'ors, which happened to be in my pocket the day I was arrested. I had been advised to take no more, under the assurance, that all I might have would probably be taken from me when I should get to Paris, whither I was to be conveyed; and that if, on the road I should be searched (which

was very likely), it would certainly be made a crime in me to have about my person what would be at once termed *a perfidious engine of corruption.* Beaujolais had not a farthing when he was put in prison,* and my unfortunate father had only a trifle, the small remains of which he left with us when he departed for Paris, amounting to *about four or five hundred francs in assignats,* consequently of the real value only of *six or seven Louis.* Of this we had been compelled to spend a part; and the poor twelve Louis we kept untouched, as a sacred deposit, in case of any urgent necessity. The prince, apprised of our extreme penury, not only begged we would not think of contributing to the presents he made (which would really have been impossible), but even forced us to accept the loan of a small sum, which we returned to him a little while afterwards (as I shall have occasion to relate presently), but by which we nevertheless felt ourselves most sincerely obliged.

* He was taking a lesson at the moment of his arrest.

We could not go into the little garden unless accompanied by P——, who came for us when he liked; ordered the sentry down to the garden door, and remained with us the short time we passed there (nearly two hours a day). The time being expired, he would observe, that he could stay no longer, and we were shut into our rooms again. The prince of Conti once ventured to make a remark on the shortness of the time he gave us, and the inconvenient hours he selected; for he generally came at meal times, or when the sun struck directly on our heads. P—— gave him to understand, that he would grant nothing more, without new presents. He wanted some Holland shirts. The prince thought them too costly, and repelled the demand with indignation; but he was at length obliged to retract, and to give up the shirts. When we were left by ourselves, he observed to us; "There's no denying that this P—— is a most vile and grovelling knave! Nevertheless, we are lucky in having to do with so mercenary a fellow."—"True," I replied,

"provided, by getting a taste for bribery, he does not take it into his head to withdraw the little he has already sold, in order to make us buy it back again; thus keeping the pistol at our breasts till you have nothing left to give him." And my apprehension was in part realized. Weary of no longer getting any thing, he frequently let whole days go by without coming for us, and once went so far as to say, he had received such bitter reproaches from powerful personages, for the permission he had given us to walk in the garden, that he must be compelled to withdraw it. All we could say could not move him; but a dozen cravats performed the miracle, and we had access to the garden as before.

"While my money lasts," said the prince, "I cannot make a better use of it, and in that conviction I see it going without regret. When it shall be all gone, we will smother, or we will starve, or doubtless we shall be saved the trouble, for they'll be sure to despatch us ere long. You, sir," said he to me, "will march

at the head; for being nearer to the throne they will grant you the honour of precedence; but I shall follow close. As for this youth," added he, pointing to Beaujolais, "he will be *recommended to the care of the apothecary*." (The horrible jest of Chabot the capuchin, upon the unfortunate child Louis XVII. who died in the Temple).

A deplorable event, of which we received news about this time, redoubled all the fears of our aged companion, and confirmed our long cherished anticipation concerning the fate to which we were destined. The execution of the virtuous princess Elizabeth, for which no pretext could be assigned, not even that of expediency, left us no doubt but it was the intention of the monsters who had butchered her, to rid themselves in the same way of all the members of the family in their power. No sooner had the prince received the fatal tidings, by means of a public paper, than he ran to us with the information (according to custom), and added; "Gentlemen, I announce to you that

this is our sentence of death! There is no one left before us now; and we shall not be forgotten much longer. As to the children, they will all be poisoned! You, sir, you are already a man; you will be treated as such; you should be nineteen in a month; but I prophecy you will never arrive at that age: no, you will never be nineteen, I tell you so! you are lost! We are all lost beyond redemption!"

So accustomed were we to the wild lamentations of our unfortunate relative, that they had lost much of their effect: and though as sensible as he was of all the horrors of our position, we were blessed with a little more nerve, which we exercised in endeavouring to diminish his fears by dissembling our own. We admitted the danger in which we stood, but we put against it the little interest which those in power could have in our destruction, while so many of our family were still in existence out of France; especially, since all of which we could be deprived had been confiscated already. Then again, there was the chance of

events for us: the war, for instance, was growing very unpropitious to the republicans; they had just lost four places; and should Cambray, which was said to be on the eve of surrender, yield to the allies, the road to Paris would be open to them; the most terrible alarm would spread, and what might not be expected from such a crisis! "True," replied he, "but in the frenzy of rage and despair, they will cut the throats of the prisoners, and we shall not be the last thought of!" For all that, the success of the allies gave him some hopes. Jacquelin, who had taken notice of it, not only brought him all the favourable news he could collect, but frequently fabricated what had not the least foundation. Sometimes the Austrians were at the gates of Paris; sometimes the Prussian hussars were in occupation of La Villette;* sometimes the Convention was flying, the people of Paris had declared against them, and opening all the prisons, had reared the white

* A faubourg of Paris.

flag! In short, there was no tale which this worthy creature left uninvented, to calm the mind of his aged master, who really stood in need of it. What he read in the public papers was by no means of a nature to diminish his chagrin and uneasiness; they contained a regular daily list of victims just butchered in Paris, to whom they never failed to apply the title of *conspirators*. Among these pretended conspirators, the prince, every instant, found the names of persons in whom he felt more or less interest, and often those of his oldest and most intimate friends. Then he would bring us the fatal journal, exclaiming in tears,—"Here's such a person gone!—they 've killed him!—one of my best friends, and who, certainly, never meddled with any thing!"* Then he would turn pale, and pace the room with hasty strides, repeating, "No doubt our turn will soon come! These gentlemen have declared

* For he always fancied, that not to meddle with any thing must prove an infallible protection.

a war of extermination against all the *ci-devants*, and it seems they'll keep their words." I was always apprehensive of his becoming suddenly mad, and really there were moments when his mind was quite gone. For instance, he would sometimes reproach his old and faithful Jacquelin with giggling, when he looked at him.—Poor fellow! nothing could be further from his feelings. Sometimes, too, he would get up in the middle of the night, and go to the door of the passage to listen to the conversation of the sentinels. One evening, in the early part of July, at the period when the representative of the people, Maignet, had just established his infernal commission at Orange, we were reading ourselves to sleep in bed, as usual, when we were suddenly surprised by a visit from the prince, in his dressing-gown and night-cap. His features were convulsed with terror. "Gentlemen," said he to us as he came in, "'tis all over with us! We have but a few moments longer to live!—Know, that to-morrow we depart for Orange!"

Recovered from the first stun of this terrible news, we threw doubts upon it, and asked whence he obtained it? "The sentinel of our door," said he, "told it to one of his comrades, and I heard it. At any rate," added he, addressing Beaujolais, "you have the look of a child yet, and can find it out to a certainty, by going and chatting with the sentinel, and then come back and tell us. Pray get up; pray do, and go!" Beaujolais sprang out of bed and went. The wicket of the door was shut; and as he was going to open it to speak to the sentinel, he heard some one giving orders; and recognised the voice of Massugue, captain of the fort artillery, and a furious terrorist, whose lodging was near ours. He instantly stopped to listen. "Take special care," said Massugue to our sentinel, "to guard your prisoners; for if they escape your fate is sealed. Should any one of them be caught in the gallery after midnight, order him back to his chamber, and if he does not instantly obey, shoot him at once!" A whispering and

buzz followed these words, from which Beaujolais could gather nothing. Then he once more distinguished the voice of Massugue, exclaiming: "To-morrow, at four in the morning, they will be sent for to be taken to Orange." This seemed explicit enough, and Beaujolais did not wait to hear more, but returned instantly, and found the prince talking with me. "I could not speak to the sentinel," said he, as he entered; "for Massugue was there, and consequently I could learn nothing, excepting that the sentinel was forbidden to let us walk in the gallery after midnight. It would be useless for me to go back; because it is a bad battalion that is on guard, and I should get nothing out of the soldier who is at the door." The prince then went away, after wishing us a good night; and assuring us, that he himself should pass a very bad one. No sooner was he gone, than Beaujolais related the affair just as it was, which the dread of driving our aged relative to utter despair, he said, had prevented him from disclosing: "For ourselves,"

added he, "we have long made up our minds to the fate which awaits us; and as it is next to impossible for us to escape, we need scarcely be sorry to find the termination of our sufferings so near at hand." My view of the subject was the same, and having told him so, we ceased to talk, and each fell into a train of gloomy meditation. Towards midnight we heard the door of the gallery open; and by the light of a lamp which stood exactly between our two windows, we perceived Massugue advancing with an air of caution and mystery. He went to the lamp, blew it out, and retired. This novelty was not of a nature to cheer us out of our melancholy; for Massugue was capable of any thing. As he was quartered near us, we were perpetually obliged to see and hear him, and he always took care to make the most brutal remarks so loud, that we could not lose a syllable of them. One day, when pounding some ingredients for his kitchen, he said, "I should like to have the Bourbons in my mortar; I'd grind 'em

into a glorious fricassee!" The amiable declaration was accompanied with the most horrible oath, and all the graces of the Provençal jargon. Hence we had reason to infer that his nocturnal visit could portend nothing very agreeable to us. We expected nothing less than a repetition of the scenes of the 2d of September; for the miscreant took no pains to hide his share in the massacres of the prisons of Paris; and in this painful suspense we passed two hours. At the end of that time we had the happiness to fall asleep, and were agreeably surprised on waking, to learn it was eight o'clock; for as it was at four in the morning the unfortunate creatures destined to be delivered up to the commission of Orange were to be sent for, it seemed likely we were not the victims just now intended. Indeed, we learned in the course of the morning, that those to whom Massugue alluded, were prisoners lodging over our heads. They had been taken off in the night to Orange, where the commission consigned them to the scaffold. Our alarms,

however, were by no means the less lively from being in this instance unfounded. We were often put to such trials. Another day, towards three in the afternoon, five or six wretched looking fellows rushed into the gallery, with the red liberty-cap on their heads, and their long sabres drawn. "Aha! my eyes!" said one of them, "You're damnably well off here, you ——!" Then perceiving the prince of Conti, who gazed on them with terror: "How are ye, Conti? What, are you afraid of us? We don't want to hurt thee. We are deputies sent from the society of friends of liberty (in other words the jacobin club), to inspect the prisons, and see if all's right, and no abuses committed: of course we must have a thorough overhawl." It was indeed thorough, for even the privies were searched, through which probably they were afraid we might escape.

When they were gone, we heard them overwhelming with insults, a prisoner whose lodging was next to ours, and who, although a zealous republican, had been condemned

six years to the chain, that is to say, the galleys, for having manifested in the time of the Sections, anti-jacobin principles. "You b——d whelp of a federalist!" cried they to him, "We will have thee taken to Toulon, where thy health shall be mended by exercise at the oar! Thou hadst better lay in a good stock of pocket handkerchiefs, for the little rings thou wilt have on thy legs will peel the skin, till thou art used to them! However, thy stay will not be long at that work, likely, for thy sentence has been a great deal too mild: we'll get it reconsidered, and thou shalt pass the *national razor*: dost understand? d—n ye!

The wretched victim understood so well, that he swooned: but he got off with the fright, for the threats of the rascals were never realized; thanks to the happy event, which will presently find its place in my narrative!

However shocked we were at the ferocity with which these miscreants treated our poor neighbour, we had often been out of temper

with him, for the sort of affectation with which he was from morning to night making a display of his flaming republicanism. He had formerly been an advocate, and since the Revolution, attorney of the commune of Marseilles; a station which he held for some time during the reign of the Sections, on which account the jacobins, who afterwards persecuted him as a federalist, had condemned him to the gallies for six years; and sent him to the fort of St. John, where, till they were ready to convey him to Toulon, he had been assigned a very good chamber contiguous to ours, with liberty to walk in the fort. As our sentinels often left our door open in the day time, to save the trouble of its being every moment opened and shut by our servants, we had an opportunity of getting acquainted with Larguier (which was the prisoner's name), who communicated to us what was contained in the public papers he received. Without troubling his head about the victims of which these journals daily gave the horrid list, he seemed to care for nothing,

but the success of the armies of the republic. Whenever they met with a check, it was obvious in the fallen looks of Larguier, and his tardiness in bringing us the paper with the news. If, on the other hand, they had gained any advantage, he would shout instantly; "Victory! Victory!" expressing a rapture in which we could by no means sympathize. A moment previous to the visit of the jacobin commissioners who behaved so brutally to him, he had been pouring out to us his transports on account of the battle of Fleurus, of which he had just received the news, and which was, as is well known, followed by the capture of four places in Flanders, the conquest of the Netherlands, Holland, &c. The unaccountable zeal of this man was not in the least cooled by the extraordinary compliments he received from the republicans when they threatened him with the razor; and he took pains to convince us that it was not, for several days following, by redoubling his demonstrations of joy at the reception of the journals detailing

new successes of the republican arms. "So!" said the prince of Conti, when we were left by ourselves, "Here is our last resource gone! We had no hope of the destruction of this infernal dog-kennel, but from the success of the allies. Now see them beaten, crushed, annihilated! What is left us? I have already told you, and I tell you again, the guillotine alone remains, and we can never escape it!" These sad forebodings were not in the least alleviated by what citizen P——, had just communicated. He told us that he had been officially forbidden to let us walk in the little garden, and enjoined to redouble his vigilance over us. We learnt at the same time, that my aunt had just been denounced to the Convention by Vadier, and that a decree had immediately passed for her being put in solitary confinement *(au secret)*, thence to be immediately conducted before the revolutionary tribunal. Every thing bespoke the speedy approach of our turn, to which we were as perfectly resigned as it was possible to be, when the happy day of the 9 Thermidor,

(27th July 1794,*) snatched us from the fate impending over us, and many others.

The first news of this great event gave us less joy than we should have felt, had we anticipated the consequences; for having already seen the fall of many most powerful villains, while villany itself still remained all powerful, we dared not flatter ourselves, that the destruction of Robespierre could put a stop to all the horrors of which France had for eighteen months been the theatre, and which we scarcely indulged a hope of surviving. Still we rejoiced sincerely to find ourselves rid of him, who had appeared, at all times, the ruling chief of the band of murderers, to whose daggers we were exposed. The dissension which had just burst out among them was also a most encouraging sign; but we presently gave ourselves up to hope and exultation, on learning the suspension of all executions, the enlarge-

* The fall of Robespierre, and his accomplices.

ment of a great number of prisoners, and the formal engagement of the government, to renounce that sanguinary system, of which they cast all the odium on Robespierre and his accomplices. Every day strengthened our hopes; and although in the beginning our position was physically unchanged, so great a difference took place in our minds, that we began to feel the effect in the most marked manner. The ideas and conversation of the prince of Conti had already taken a much less sombre hue. "Come," said he, "it seems they don't care to cut our throats, at least just now; and that's something at any rate! But God only knows if this whim will last! or whether they will not take the first opportunity of returning to their old ways."

Nearly three weeks after the 9th Thermidor, we received a letter, which gave us extreme pleasure: it was from our friend Madame de B— from whom we had not heard for a long time. That excellent lady, who had braved the greatest dangers to convey to us by

letter all the consolations in her power, had never ceased to write, till she was herself arrested and cast into prison, where she remained five months; and her first care, on recovering her liberty, was to apprise us of it, to beg all the news about ourselves, and to repeat the assurance of her unwearied friendship. We also received, about the same time, a letter from my mother, dated from the Luxembourg.* She wrote that her sufferings latterly had been great, and that her health was in every respect very much impaired; but that she had reason to hope she should ere long be much better. All this good news was balm to us; and truly we had need of it. We were one morning awoke by acclamations and shouts of joy, of which we immediately learned the cause. A band of jacobins, accused of conspiracy, had been arrested, and brought to the fortress. Among these

* The Luxembourg palace was then used as a prison, and my mother was confined in it.

gentlemen were the president, the public accuser, and the recorder of the revolutionary tribunal, who had had us before them, and inundated Marseilles with blood. Other miscreants equally notorious were in the gang: as well as the president of the jacobins, who, in the endeavour to escape over the roof of a house from those who came to arrest him, fell from thence and broke his neck. Not dying instantly, he also was brought in, but expired soon after.* Our neighbour Larguier could not contain himself for exultation at seeing his enemies overthrown, and it was he who had waked us by his shouts. We shared his joy; for every thing proved that the wind had entirely changed, and we

* The name of the recorder of this atrocious tribunal, was C——. When arrested, his first words, after protesting his innocence, were, "Is Maillet taken?" (his associate and accomplice, the president of the tribunal). "He is indeed a precious villain!" It was this same C—— who took down my examination, and who, whenever I answered yes or no, said: "I tell you to answer, *yes, citizen*; or, *no, citizen.*"

had good grounds for hoping that it would become still more propitious.

It was somewhere about this period, that a trifle created a coolness between the prince and us, which lasted almost the whole of the time we remained together in our dreary abode. The dissention arose from a little garret at the end of our gallery, of which we had taken possession. Our relative apprehended this might commit him. His alarm being utterly unfounded, we kept the room; but the altercation inducing us to return him the sum he had lent us, we found our means reduced to a hundred and twenty francs in assignats, then equivalent to about twenty six francs in reality, independently of the twelve Louis in gold, which we preserved only to be made use of in the last extremity. This state of our finances was not magnificent, and did not encourage the most agreeable reflections; but still it awakened very useful ones. Our neighbour Larguier, who, as I have before stated, had been formerly an attorney or advocate, was quite at home in

drawing up a petition, carrying on a suit, &c. His services in this way had already enabled us to obtain an addition of twelve francs a day to our allowance; which, though only a *nominal* addition, from the continued fall in the value of assignats, bringing our allowance to the same point from which we started, prevented our getting below the mark, which was no slight advantage. We therefore resorted once more to him for the purpose of ascertaining, whether there was any way of wresting some particle of the twelve thousand francs which my mother sent for our use, from the administrative bodies who received it, without condescending to let us have a single sous; Larguier immediately promised to draw up a petition in such terms, that if the least sense of shame remained in their bosoms, it would be impossible for them to refuse the restitution we desired; but, that we might be on the safe side, he recommended our limiting our demand for the present to a *quarter* of the sum, without giving up the rest, declaring it to be solely for the purpose of

satisfying certain debts, and meeting our most urgent necessities. To this we consented, but without partaking the sanguineness of Larguier, as to the result. Since the 9th Thermidor, however, the administrative bodies had been changed, and were now much better constituted than before. Thanks to this happy alteration, and the perseverance of Larguier, we did, after three or four petitions, obtain, first, an acknowledgment that such a sum had been received for us, and afterwards an order for the payment of *one fourth*. Our first care, when it came, was to make Larguier accept a part of it, in testimony of our gratitude. These three thousand francs were reduced in real value to about six hundred; and, certainly, in the situation we then were, the succour was as important as it was unlooked for. Besides, never having till then met with any thing but rebuffs of every sort, this first success awakened hopes of others more important, and the two feelings combined, could not but afford us real pleasure.

Some time afterwards we experienced a joy

even yet more lively. Our constant friend, Madame de B—, apprised by us of the closeness with which we had so long been confined, solicited an extension of our liberty, till it might be judged expedient to set us free altogether. By dint of repeated applications, she at length obtained of the committees of the Convention, a decree, that we should have the walls of the fort for our bounds, with the privilege of walking about within them as much as we chose, and forbidding our being any longer locked up in our rooms. It is necessary to have been *eighteen months in close confinement* to appreciate the inestimable bliss of such an indulgence! it filled us with redoubled gratitude to the friend to whose zeal we owed it. As the prince of Conti was included in the decree, we hastened, notwithstanding the slight intimacy that had for some time subsisted between us, to communicate to him the glad tidings. He thanked us heartily, but received the news with much indifference. "It is certainly a good thing to be able to breathe freely; but, with

your leave, I will not share your joy, for *timeo Danaos*—and the favours of these gentlemen are to me always suspicious." We left him to his suspicions, and flew to avail ourselves of the sort of liberty we had just obtained.

The first thing we did was to seek our aunt, who was also included in the new decree. We had long been deprived of seeing her. We embraced her with the more delight from the alarm we had been under for her safety, during the latter part of the reign of Robespierre. She assured us that her uneasiness had been greater on our account than on her own, fancying that her sex, and the care she took never *to meddle in any way*, would be sure to save her. We could not but differ from her on that score, but she persisted in her opinion, and we said no more on the subject. On leaving her, we made the tour of *our little world*. Unfortunately it was soon completed, and without much fatigue, though still a most delicious treat. We received the congratulations of all the old prisoners who still peopled the fort, but the

new comers saw us with a bitterness, which we heartily returned. Not long after this happy change, which gave us such delightful hopes, we received intelligence which threw us back into dejection and trouble. The prince of Conti was the first to regale us with it. He posted with all speed to our chamber, and said, in a tone the most tragic and solemn, "Gentlemen, notwithstanding the little confidence which for some time past has subsisted between us, I have thought I should do wrong in delaying for a single moment to acquaint you with the dreadful calamity, the news of which I have just received, and which concerns you as much as it does me. You must know then, gentlemen, that a decree of the Convention has condemned us to *perpetual imprisonment!*"

This information came upon us like a thunderbolt: we had known for some time that the Convention was about to decide our fate, and we had flattered ourselves by what had been said upon this subject, that it would be satisfied with *banishing us for ever from the territory of*

the republic, which was the object of our most ardent wishes; but, in place of that, to be condemned to perpetual imprisonment! the guillotine itself was infinitely preferable. We enquired of our venerable relation where he got the news, and he immediately showed us the newspaper in which it was contained. The thing was not so certain, however, as he was pleased to represent it. Subsequently to a report which had been made on the proposition of *transporting such members of the Bourbon family as were detained in France*, it had been decreed, that, *considering the imminent danger to the state which might arise from setting at liberty the foresaid individuals, they should be detained in prison as long as the general safety should require it*. The words, *perpetual imprisonment* were not used, but the thing was so much like it that it plunged us into the deepest despair. Hope, however, shortly resumed her seat in our hearts; we fancied, that having the fortress for a prison, and not being on our parole, we should easily find means of escaping; that our only

difficulty would be to find a vessel to take us to Genoa, but that the small stock of money we possessed would probably be sufficient for that. But as prisoners have very seldom the choice of the means they use, they are obliged to risk much more than others. We thus ventured all our little treasure, and lost it. Without entering into the particulars of a story, which it would be useless and tiresome to detail at length, I need only mention, shortly, that two young gentlemen, of whom one had been page to the king, and both had been brought to the fort some time before as royalists, having made us the strongest protestations of zeal and attachment, and offered their services to assist us in escaping, we resolved to make the attempt. Having, to insure its success, entrusted them with the small sum which formed our whole property, they immediately decamped with it, leaving us in a situation so much the more painful, that the loss of so valuable a resource placed us at a greater distance than ever from the object which we fancied we had almost in our grasp.

In other respects, however, our situation became less unpleasant than it had been since the beginning of our captivity. We walked about; we paid visits to our *fellow* prisoners, and we played at a variety of different games with them. When I say our *fellow* prisoners, I speak of such only whose manners suited us; the jacobins, on the contrary, whom they had begun to imprison for some months, and whose number was daily increasing in the fortress, always kept completely by themselves, and we had still less wish than they to break the line of demarcation. Such of them as were in close confinement were like real tigers; and when we happened to go near the grating of their cells, in passing from one place to another, they never failed to bestow a thousand imprecations upon us and our family, and all the *ci-devants;* to whom they pretended they had been infinitely too merciful, when they had the power in their hands.

Towards the end of February, 1795, it was determined to change our apartments, which we were the more desirous of, as to get to those

we occupied, we were obliged to pass the windows of the prince of Conti, who from age, idleness, and anxiety, was very curious and addicted to gossipping, which, added to the coolness which continued between us, made this neighbourhood annoying and disagreeable. He was not less satisfied with the change than ourselves, as by getting possession of our apartments, and renewing the communication between them, he had much more room to move about in. Our old neighbour Larguier having been set at liberty, along with nearly all the prisoners who had been shut up since the time of Robespierre, the prince of Conti added to his suite of apartments, that person's small chamber, which was light, and had no grating to the windows. As to us, we had between us two small rooms, very light and clean, with a closet for Louis, and a small kitchen. The windows had no grating, and commanded a view of the sea; but no uneasiness was felt on that account, as independent of their great heighth, it was not to be supposed that persons

who had the whole range of the fortress for their prison, would think of availing themselves of such means of escape. Besides, at that period, we were very little thought of: the administrations were better composed; the commissaries of the Convention, or the representatives of the people, were no longer ferocious or persecuting characters: in short, the whole system of terror had, thank God! gone out of fashion; or, if it still existed in some respects, it was only exercised against those who had so long delighted in it, namely the jacobins. My mother had been transferred for some months from the Luxembourg to a *maison de santé*, Rue Charonne, where she was in a manner on her parole, having the benefit of good air, and in a situation to take care of her health, which had been greatly impaired. She wrote to us that she had great hopes of seeing shortly a great improvement in our situation, and even of once more pressing us to her heart. Her letters, and the alleviations of every sort which we experienced, the value of which we felt more strongly from having been

so cruelly deprived of them for the two years we had been in confinement; the fortunate turn in the affairs of our unhappy country; every thing in short encouraged us to hope, and without diminishing our extreme desire for the recovery of our freedom, made us wait more patiently for the realization of the hopes which were then held out to us from all quarters.

We obtained the payment of the balance of 12,000 francs; and though the depreciation of the assignats, which was sensibly increasing every day, had greatly reduced the value of that sum, we considered ourselves fortunate to have this resource to avail ourselves of, before it was reduced to nothing. Our daily allowance was also somewhat increased, but not in proportion to the enormous loss on the assignats, and it would have been wholly insufficient for our support, if we had not had other assistance. We had also about this time a considerable supply; seventy-two Louis in gold, which I had left at Nice, at the time of my arrest, were returned to me by the person in

whose hands they had been deposited. Our excellent friend, Madame de B——, was also kind enough to send us from time to time some little articles to amuse, or be useful to us; all which made our situation infinitely more agreeable. Several months passed in this manner without any thing remarkable happening, only that one day we dined with some young royalists who had been confined in the fortress for making a noise at the theatre, and talking loudly against the Convention. Elevated, in spite of ourselves, by the wines of the south, we joined in the chorus of some anti-republican songs, which led to a formal denunciation of us by the jacobin prisoners, who had heard us singing, and who affected to regard this as a proof of a great plot being in agitation. As an additional proof of our treacherous intentions, they stated that we had found means of procuring arms, which we had concealed in our apartments. This last fact was true; we possessed two or three sabres, which we had purchased of the soldiers; but to suppose that

we meant to use them in the execution of a plot, was quite contrary to common sense! we had only procured them for the purpose of defending ourselves, in case of need, against the jacobins, who were then very numerous in the fortress, and threatened to play us some day one of their characteristic tricks. Fortunately for us, the representative of the people, to whom this denunciation was made, was a moderate man, of very good feelings; his name was Mariette. He immediately sent for the commandant of the fort, and desired him to acquaint us with the denunciation which had just been made, and to assure us that it would produce no effect, as he despised the source from which it proceeded, and thought that no one need be surprised or offended at our being royalists. As to the arms, he requested us to give them up, and instead of having our apartments searched, according to custom in similar cases, he promised, if we did so, to be satisfied with our word of honor. It was impossible to act more handsomely. We gave up, as might be

expected, the arms we had, and felt extremely grateful for being treated in a manner to which we had been so little accustomed. A representative of the same stamp with those who had preceded him, would have infallibly, on such a denunciation, sent us to a dungeon, and afterwards despatched us by a revolutionary trial. Mariette bore no resemblance to his ferocious brethren. One day passing in a boat before the fortress, and observing us at a window, he took off his hat, and saluted us very politely, but without affectation. It may be supposed how pleasant even a little attention like this was to us, in a situation like that in which we were then placed. I am quite ignorant of the political conduct of Mariette in other respects, or what he was before the Revolution; generally he seemed to be little known, except at Marseilles, where he gained the esteem of all good men, and the implacable hatred of the jacobins. Of these last, there were some brought to the fort daily; and towards the beginning of May, they were all closely con-

fined, some in cells, and others in rooms; the severity against them was carried to the extent of preventing their relations or friends taking their dinner to them, as they had been allowed to do before. Such as had money, however, succeeded in getting wherewithal to eat and drink; but those who had none, were strictly reduced to bread and water. Their rage must have been excessive, but they could not venture to show it; for the same wretches who had once inspired so much terror, now had their turn of feeling its effects.

About this time it was that the companies of Jesus, and that of the *children of the sun* began to be formed, which were afterwards so famous in the south; they consisted of young men, whose relations had been sacrificed by the jacobins, and who deemed themselves justified in revenging their death, by murdering any of those miserable wretches whom they could find. Frequently, when they met with any of them conveying to prison, they dispersed those who were guarding them, and

put them to death with their sabres. We saw many of these horrible scenes take place at the entrance of the fort. They declared moreover (by shouting in such a way as to let the prisoners hear them), that if justice was not speedily executed on all the wretches who were detained in prison, they would take it upon themselves, and follow the example set them in that respect by the Lyonese. It may be supposed that those to whom such threats were addressed, were sufficiently alarmed to prevent them again giving indulgence to their cruelty. Would to God that the others had been satisfied with producing that effect, without rendering themselves equally criminal with the wretches themselves! We should not then have witnessed the horrible scene which took place shortly after, of which I must now give an account.

On the 6th of June 1795, about five o'clock in the afternoon, while Beaujolais and I were engaged, he in reading and I in drawing, we heard all of a sudden, cries of "To arms! raise

the drawbridge!" Running to the window which overlooked the court, we saw the soldiers on guard running to their posts, seizing their arms, and proceeding rapidly to the drawbridge. A moment after, we saw them returning in disorder, followed by a crowd of people armed with pistols and sabres, without uniform, and most of them having the sleeves of their coats tucked up above the elbows. In the midst of them was an officer whom they were carrying, and who appeared to be wounded. They were singing in the loudest strain, the couplet of the air, called the Waking of the People, *(le reveil du peuple)*, the last verse of which were:—

"Plaintive shades of innocence,
"Rest quiet in your tombs!
"The tardy day of vengeance
"Makes your executioners at last turn pale!"

It was impossible to have the least doubt of the intentions of these madmen, and of the facility with which they might execute them,

as they had succeeded in gaining entrance to the fortress, and the soldiers did not seem at all disposed to resist. It was quite certain that we were not in the number of those they were in search of, but by no means so sure that, drunk as they appeared to be, and in fact were, they might not commit some mistake, of which we might become the victims. These reflections occuring to us suddenly, we made haste to barricade ourselves as strongly as possible. Spits, billets of wood, and irons, tables and chairs, were piled up in a moment against the door, and in the event of all these ramparts being forced, we had determined to save ourselves by the windows, which overlooked the sea. Scarcely had we finished our preparations, when some one knocked at our door. At first we returned no answer. The knocking was repeated, and a person called out, "Open, whoever you are! we have no wish to injure you; but we have brought the assistant-commandant of the fort, who is dying, and whom we can place no where else, for all

the rooms are shut." We answered at first that if we could render any service to the assistant, we should be most happy to do it; and we begged them to reflect that we were not put in prison for jacobinism; but precisely for the contrary. They replied that they knew it well, and begged us to open the door quickly, as there was no time to lose.

On this assurance we ventured to open it. Immediately ten or twelve young men, very well dressed, but with their sleeves turned upwards, and sword in hand, entered, carrying the assistant, whom they laid upon my bed. Then addressing us, "Are not you," said they, "the princes of Orleans?" On our answering in the affirmative, they assured us that far from wishing to make any attempt on our lives, they would defend them with all their power, if they were endangered; that the act of justice which they were about to execute, would contribute as much to our safety as to theirs, and to that of all honest men. They then asked us to give them some brandy, which certainly they

appeared to have no occasion for. We had none, but they found a bottle of aniseed, which they poured out into soup plates; after which they quitted us, recommendiug the assistant to our care; and, either as a guard, or to prevent their comrades from making any fatal mistake with regard to us, they left one of their number as a sentinel at our door. The poor assistant was as pale as death, and we had a good deal of trouble to bring him to himself; but he was not at all wounded; they had disarmed him instantly, without his getting the slightest scratch. The fright, however, which this ceremony had given him, added to the consequences which were likely to result from it, had been the sole cause of his swoon. When he recovered himself, he wished to go out and try to prevent the horrible scene about to take place, but he found two sentinels at the door, who had been posted there by the massacrers, and who prevented him. At that moment we heard the door of one of the cells in the second court broken in, and soon after dreadful cries,

deep groans, and shouts of joy. The blood froze in our veins, and we kept the most profound silence. At the end of about twenty minutes, during which the butchery in that cell lasted, we heard the savage troop returning into the first court, of which one of our windows commanded a view: approaching it by an instinctive movement, which it is impossible to describe, we saw them trying to break in the door of the cell, No. 1, which was directly opposite our window, and in which there were about twenty prisoners. They had already murdered about twenty-five in the other cell. Those in No. 1, the door of which, fortunately for them, opened inwards, barricaded themselves so well, that after labouring ineffectually for more than a quarter of an hour to break it in, the massacrers, after firing a few pistol shots through the bars, abandoned it, but with the promise of returning as soon as they had despatched the others.

About six o'clock, the commandant of the fortress was brought to us by two of these

persons, who had only left him the sheath of his sword, and who shut him up with his assistant and us. He had presented himself at the drawbridge, which he had found raised, and not succeeding in getting it lowered, he had contrived to scale it by the ditch; but he had no sooner got into the fortress, than he was disarmed and brought to us. He swore, he stormed, he bit his fingers, and reproached his assistant for the paleness and fright which were visible on his countenance. We still heard the cries of the victims, and the pistol shots and blows from the swords and clubs of the cut-throats. About seven o'clock we heard a cannon shot fired in the fortress, and we learned afterwards that it had been discharged by the assassins against the cell No. 9, the prisoners in which, to the number of thirty and upwards, were blown to pieces and burnt; for, to make *the work* (to use their odious expression), go on quicker, they had actually set fire to the cell, after introducing a great quantity of straw through the air holes.

It was nearly nine o'clock, and almost dark, when we heard some one shouting in the first court, "Here are the representatives of the people! We must let down the drawbridge, for they threaten to treat us as rebels if we delay it for a moment!" "I don't care a d—n for the representatives!" said one; "and I will blow the brains out of the first coward who obeys them. Come along, comrades, to the *work!* we shall soon have done!" While they went to a distance, the soldiers on guard let down the drawbridge, and the representatives entered in the midst of flambeaus, followed by a great number of grenadiers and dismounted hussars. "Wretches!" exclaimed they on entering, "Cease your horrible carnage! In the name of the law, cease to indulge this odious vengeance!" They were answered by several, "If the law had done us justice on these scoundrels, we should not have been reduced to the necessity of doing it ourselves! Now, the cup is filled, they must swallow its contents," and the massacre continued. "Grena-

diers!" cried the representatives, "Make haste and arrest these madmen, and bring the commandant of the fortress to us! Where is he?" They were informed that he was shut up in a room above, and desired to be led to it. These representatives were named *Isnard* and *Cadroy*. When they entered our apartment, they required the commandant to account for his conduct, and appeared satisfied of the impossibility of his doing any thing to prevent this horrible scene: then seating themselves on our beds, and complaining of the excessive heat, they asked for something to drink: wine was brought them. *Isnard* put it aside, calling out in a tragic tone, "It is blood!" He was then offered aniseed, which he swallowed immediately. Immediately after, as our apartment was filling with people, they removed into the adjoining one to deliberate along with the commandant, but in a few minutes returned to us. Five or six of the massacrers then came up, covered with blood. "Representatives," said they, "allow us to finish our *work;* it will be

soon over, and you will be the better of it!"—"Wretches! you fill us with horror."—"We have done nothing but avenge our fathers, our brothers, our friends, and you yourselves have excited us to it!"—"Arrest these villains!" exclaimed the representatives. Fourteen of them were actually arrested; but they were set at liberty two days after.

Thus closed that evening; the result of which was the death of eighty unfortunate persons, among whom, in the number of innocent persons happened to be a poor shoemaker, who had been imprisoned solely for crying, "Vive le Roi!" Not one of the principal villains lost his life. The cell No. 1, contained several of them, and could not be broken in; the tower was filled with them, but there the massacrers could not penetrate. Next day the fortress was still strewed with the bodies of the dead and dying, like a field of battle. Frightful pools of blood were to be seen; and that nothing might be wanting to complete the horror of the scene, the air was infected with the smell

which proceeded from the cells that had been set on fire. It was only then that we discovered with horror, under our beds, and under our chairs, three or four poignards covered with blood to the very hilts; they had been probably thrown there by some of the assassins, from a wish to rid themselves of the proofs of their crimes, after getting into our apartment among the crowd that followed the representatives of the people. Several of the victims of this massacre survived for three or four days, and then perished in the midst of sufferings, which were the more intense, from no one attempting to render them any assistance. On walking across the fortress the second morning after this horrible scene, I heard some one calling to me in a plaintive and suppliant voice, which seemed to proceed from the bottom of a dungeon. I approached the place, and recognized a man who had been a municipal officer, and in that capacity had guarded me at the Palace of Justice? he had the character of being a furious jacobin; but personally I had no reason

to complain of him; besides, he was in distress. "Citizen," said he to me, "I am dying! I was shut up in the dungeon of No. 6, when it was set fire to, and I know not how I came to survive my unfortunate companions, who have all perished. Would to God that I had died like them! I should not have had to suffer the martyrdom under which I am still groaning; but, for Heaven's sake! get me some assistance, or kill me at once! for nothing can equal the torture I endure!" I promised to do every thing in my power to get him some relief, and I immediately ran to the commandant of the fortress to remonstrate with him on the barbarity of leaving these poor creatures in such a state, without granting them the least assistance. "I have already sent for a surgeon," said he to me; "and it is not my fault if he does not come. But all these wretches have put so many honest men to death, that they may be left to die without pity."—"I like them as little as you do; but besides that there may be some innocent persons among those of

whom I am speaking to you to leave them to perish thus, would be making you as culpable as the most sanguinary wretch among them." —"I will go and send again for a surgeon; that is all I can do; for if I had to assist them myself, they would probably be cured in quite a different manner." The surgeon arrived when it was too late, and the poor wretch, whose cause I had pleaded, died, as well as several others.

An Englishman who had been supercargo of a merchant vessel, taken by a privateer, had been brought to the fortress as a prisoner of war, two days before the massacre. The poor man was, as may be imagined, terrified to death at this unexpected scene; and his fright was the greater, because, neither knowing the cause, nor the authors of it, he fancied that the massacrers were jacobins, who would infallibly despatch him on account of his being an Englishman. He did not speak a word of French, and understood as little of it. As we were the only persons in the fortress who un-

derstood English, we were applied to for the purpose of communicating with him. He was delighted to find any one to speak to, assured us that his detention was contrary to every principle of justice, and requested our intercession to enable him to get away. I made him commit his complaints to writing, and drew up several petitions for him; but although he was promised redress, the time passed away, and he remained in the fortress, dying with impatience and *ennui*. He complained bitterly, that independently of the disagreeableness of his situation, his affairs suffered most severely by his detention. Touched by his misfortunes, we proposed to him to make his escape, which he accepted with the greatest joy. As he had money in the hands of a banker at Marseilles, we made him secure his passage under a feigned name on board a Danish vessel, which was about to sail in a few days. An old prisoner of the name of Joliot, (a poor devil of the best disposition and most determined character, whom we had

frequently employed in our little commissions, and who had been set at liberty), undertook to convey his portmanteau on board, and to provide a rope, which he was to attach to the rampart, by which the Englishman was to let himself down to the sea shore, where a boat was to be in readiness to carry him on board the Danish vessel. Every thing was executed as had been arranged. The day before the sailing of the vessel, we desired the Englishman to prepare for his departure, and to trust himself entirely to the care of our agent, who certainly acquitted himself most ably of his commission. The Englishman embarked, departed, and we never heard any more of him. The day after his escape, some of the authorities came and asked us what had become of him; and as may be supposed, we affected great surprise at the news of his disappearance. I know not whether we were suspected of having assisted in his escape, but as there was not the slightest evidence that we had done so, the

matter rested there, and the turnkey got off with a good reprimand. It may probably be considered surprising, that as we found it so easy to effect the escape of a fellow prisoner, we should not avail ourselves of the same means to save ourselves. But first of all, our situation was infinitely more pleasant than it had been for a long time, and the certainty almost of being able to escape whenever we thought proper, tended greatly to diminish our anxiety on that head. We were also receiving from my mother the most positive assurances that we should soon be set at liberty, and this hope diverted us from a determination which we considered ourselves always enabled to take, and which besides would greatly thwart the views and intentions of her, to whom we owed so much deference and tenderness. We did all we could therefore to preserve our patience somewhat longer. The circumstance which took place about the end of August, contributed in no small degree to exhaust the small stock that was left us. The prince of

Conti* and my aunt† were set at liberty; it was not complete, as they had declined leaving

* The prince of Conti was at first allowed to go to Nevers, near Melun. He was desirous, above every thing, of returning to his estate of La Lande, to live there in quiet and obscurity; but having been again included in the decree of proscription relative to the Bourbons, he was transferred to Spain. Without speaking of other reasons, it may be supposed, that with his habits, a journey made under the auspices of the gendarmerie could not be very agreeable. He had adopted, in order to show the displeasure he felt at it, a formula, which he repeated during the journey at the door of every inn, before he got into his carriage. "I declare loudly, publicly, and ostensibly, that nothing but main force could oblige me thus to quit France, and that it is against my inclination, and contrary to the law!"

He fixed his residence at Barcelona; he was there at the time it was taken possession of by the French troops, and had every reason to be satisfied with the attentions shown to him by the French generals. He died there on the 10th of March, 1814, in his eightieth year. *Editor.*

† After the 18th Fructidor, the Duchess of Bourbon was subjected to the dispositions of the decree, which pronounced the exile of the members of the royal family. She went to Spain, and lived at Barcelona up to the period of the

France, but a town was allowed them for prison; Autun to the one, and Moulins to their

Restoration. Having returned to France at that time, she never quitted it again till her death. During the 100 days, she did not go away; she was only required to retire into the country.

The latter years of her life were distinguished by numerous acts of beneficence. She had founded (under the name of a son whom she long lamented) an hospital, in which indigence and misfortune found an asylum, and the kindest treatment.* Her understanding was highly cultivated; she was fond of writing; several little pieces are ascribed to her, which are neither deficient in grace, nor interest; drawing and painting were her favourite amusements. In the gallery of the Palais Royal may be seen several pictures of her composition, among which is a view of the court of Fort St. John. The duke of Montpensier painted the interior of one of the cells of that prison. The duchess of Bourbon was surprised by death on the 10th of January, 1822, in the church of St. Geneviève. She was

* The *Hospice d'Enghien*, at Paris. This establishment was bequeathed by the duchess of Bourbon to Mademoiselle d'Orleans, a lady eminently worthy of receiving and adding to such an inheritance.

the other, with the prospect of even getting rid of this trifling restraint in a short time. We were truly glad at the successful issue of the steps taken by our relations, and they were delighted beyond measure. But how did it happen that *we* were left in prison when *they* were set at liberty, as the same decree had deprived us all of it? However that might be, we congratulated them most heartily on it, and at their departure accompanied them to our *extreme frontier*, namely, to the drawbridge However, in spite of all my mother's promises, which began to appear to us founded on nothing but vague expectations, we remained in the fortress of St. John, forgotten, and plunged into despondency. My mother's answer to the pressing observations we addressed to her on the subject was, that our uncle and aunt were not in the same predicament with our-

conveyed to the *Ecole de Droit*, where every assistance that medicine could render was ineffectually applied. She was 72 years of age.

selves; that the age of the one, and the sex of the other could not give that umbrage, which we must necessarily occasion; that notwithstanding, our liberty was about to be restored to us, but upon the condition of going and enjoying it out of France: that condition did not at all alarm us. But why, we repeated to her again, do they not at once decide upon our case, as they have already done with regard to our relations? The answer was, that the committees were too much engaged to take our case in hand; but that immediately after the conclusion of the *great work of the constitution,* we should be thought of. Time, however, slipped away, the constitution was finished, and yet nothing was done for us. It was even after the acceptance of the constitution that the consideration of our demand was adjourned. In the mean time the general aspect of affairs was becoming more and more unfavorable every day.

The jacobins, whose odious and sanguinary reign seemed never again able to revive, began to raise their heads with audacity; they were

released from prison, and the 13th Vendemiaire (or 4th of October), in which the Convention succeeded in disarming the sections of Paris which had declared against it, seemed at last likely to secure their triumph. The arrival of Freron at Marseilles, as the agent of the government, excited our alarms, which were carried to the uttermost, by the measures which he hastened to adopt, and by the undisguised protection which he granted to the most determined jacobins. Not contented with restoring them to liberty, he introduced them into all the administrations, from which he expelled persons of respectability. He even went so far as to prosecute the latter; and those who in the time of Robespierre had been obliged to have recourse to flight for safety, were once more driven to the same melancholy resource. The officer who then commanded the fort was a person named Betemps, who although he had been appointed in the time of Robespierre, was an excellent fellow. He had scarcely ever concealed his *anti-*

binism, and had always behaved to us in the very best manner. He was not in command at the time of the massacre, having been employed at that time in another service; but he was recalled soon after, and contrived to keep the jacobins, with which the fort was filled, in the strictest order, granting us, on the contrary, all the alleviations in his power. He permitted us to bathe in the sea, and even allowed us to go and breakfast on the opposite bank. Freron was informed of his sentiments, and specially of the contempt which he affected to express for himself. He sent Betemps an order to come to him, which Betemps refused to obey; and when the commissaries of Freron came to the fort, he was imprudent enough to call them *vile dogs*, servants of the *beggarly sultan*, &c. The *beggarly sultan*, as may be imagined, was not slow in revenging the insult; he immediately issued an order for his arrest, and we were in his apartment when some one came and informed him that the gendarmes had come to arrest him. "Give me my

pistols!" said he coolly; "and bring a boat under my window; if the scoundrels catch me, I am determined it shall cost them dear!" He was not at all in a hurry, and had the good luck to escape before the gendarmes reached his apartment. They searched for him over all the fort; blustered and swore, and laid hold of his secretary, whom Freron had also given orders to arrest. Betemps meanwhile went and concealed himself with one of his friends, who put him on board a vessel, which sailed for Leghorn some days afterwards, in spite of all the pains taken by Freron to find him. He appointed as his successor in the command of the fort, an old corporal of the name of Grippe, a furious jacobin, who got drunk regularly every day. Every thing we saw going on at that time, seemed to us to predict the return of those frightful times, the very idea of which made us tremble. After mature deliberation, we considered it a matter of urgency to take advantage of the means we still possessed of breaking our chains, before it became impossible,

by plunging us as before into some horrible dungeon, from which we should probably never get out. Betemps had promised us some days before his escape to facilitate ours, and to accompany us. "*It is time to quit the field,*" said he, laughing: but Freron's order for his arrest, precipitated his flight so much, that we had no time to concert ours with his. The commandant Grippe, whose very name recals such painful recollections to my mind, had issued fresh orders to the sentries, and allowed no one to enter the fort, but such as came on business relative to the service, and our servants; the latter he was obliged, according to ancient orders, to allow to pass and repass; I say *our* servants, as, besides Louis, we had taken a female domestic, named Frances.

Our first step was to secure a passage on board some Italian vessel about to sail. A Tuscan captain agreed for a reasonable sum to take charge of *two young men* and their servants, provided they were furnished with pass-

ports, as otherwise he must have a *mountain of gold!* This difficulty at first alarmed us very much; but we learned shortly afterwards that a clerk of the commune, or municipality, got his living by selling blank passports, for which he got from two to three Louis each. We availed ourselves eagerly of this information, and for four Louis obtained two, which we filled up according to our own fancy, taking care to insert fictitious names, making the ages somewhat different from our own, and giving a very exact description of our persons. After we had got possession of this treasure, we concluded our bargain with the Tuscan captain, who was to sail for Leghorn in three or four days afterwards; the whole affair was managed by the same person who had saved Betemps, and who from dread of the return of jacobinism, determined to go along with us in the same vessel. Although we were almost certain of getting past the drawbridge, by waiting till it was dark, and wrapping ourselves well up in our cloaks, we thought it advisable to

provide ourselves with a rope, that in the event of one of us being recognized and brought back, he might escape by the window, while the other, at the end of a certain time, should come in a boat to the bottom of the tower (which was washed by the sea), and take off his companion. The sequel will show the necessity of this precaution, and what an extraordinary combination of ill luck it required to baffle all our plans.

The day of the vessel's departure being fixed, we prepared to decamp the evening before, at night fall. We had previously, by means of Louis, sent out at different times the few articles we wished to carry with us; and we had settled to pass the night at the house of a female relative of the person who had managed the whole affair, in order to embark immediately, and depart together at day break. After taking very little dinner (for our anxiety had taken away our appetite), we waited impatiently till the dusk should allow us to execute our great plan.

It was then the 18th of November, and it was quite dark at half-past five o'clock; the time of our departure was therefore fixed for a quarter past five. We agreed not to go out together, in order to give less ground for suspicion, and we settled that Beaujolais should first go out with Louis, and that some minutes afterwards I should go alone, and rejoin him at the harbour, where he should wait for me by walking a little more slowly. In case I should not have come up with him in ten minutes, it was to be understood that I had been prevented from coming out by the drawbridge, and that he should come with a boat to seek for me at the bottom of the tower. Previous to beginning our march, Louis went to reconnoitre the environs of the drawbridge, and ascertain that neither the commandant, nor any one who could recognize us, was about, and when he had brought back a favourable report, I embraced Beaujolais with the strongest agitation; I could scarcely bear the idea of separating from him, although

I had every hope of rejoining him immediately. He departed with the faithful Louis.

The five minutes which elapsed after his departure, appeared to me an age; at the end of that time, hearing nothing, I wrapped myself up in my cloak, pulled my hat very much over my face, and set off, after double locking the door of my chamber, but hoping never to re-enter it. I passed four sentinels without being challenged by any of them; I crossed the fatal bridge, and regarding myself as already at liberty, was putting up most fervent thanksgivings to Heaven for my deliverance. But, as the proverb says, *I reckoned without my host.* I had proceeded only a few paces, when I met the *cursed host,* I mean the commandant of the fortress, who was returning home. I knew him at once by the white cloak he wore; but plucking up courage, I was in hopes that he would take no notice of me. Vain hope! He accosted me by asking where I was going. "What is it to you, citizen? I don't know you!"—"I am the

commandant of the fortress, and I have just seen you come out of it."—"That is very true; I have been dining with a friend of mine, one of the gunners, and I should have told you so at once, if I had known you."—"No, no, you are a prisoner; and, zounds! be so good as to return, for I am answerable for you!"—"You are very much mistaken, I assure you, and you take me for another."—"No; you are the eldest of the Orleans! and I tell you again, that if you do not return instantly, I will call the guard, and have you seized!"—"That would be quite useless; for I have no wish to make any resistance; I was only going to the theatre, as I have already done several times, without your knowing it. As I have had the bad luck to meet you this evening, I shall be deprived of that pleasure; that is all!"—"Oh, I will answer you shall be deprived of it, for I shall immediately shut you up in your chamber, and place a sentinel at the door."—"I thank you for your kind attention, and wish you good night!" Saying this, I went slowly up the

staircase, followed by a corporal and a fusileer. I was sick at heart! After making myself so certain of my liberty, I now saw obstacles rise before me so much the greater, that they would infallibly take every possible precaution to prevent me from surmounting them. There was not a moment to lose, and as they had been so imprudent as to put me into the chamber that overlooked the sea, it was necessary to profit by it, and escape by the window as quickly as possible. I found our servant, Frances, at the door of our apartment; she had been in our secret, and was confounded to see me again. Before she had time to express her surprise, I took her in along with me, and as the sentinel had not shut our door, I put the key inside, and double locked it. "My dear Frances," I then said to her, "I have been recognized by the cursed commandant, who was coming in as I went out; he has threatened to shut me up, and, as fortunately I am again in this chamber, you must, without losing a moment, assist me in fastening this rope to

the window; for if I delay any longer, it does not seem probable that I shall ever be able to escape."—"Ah! my God!" said she in her *patois*, "You will break your neck, and I shall be guillotined!" She then began to cry. I told her, that if she had only tears and cries to offer me, she had better go, and leave me to do the best I could, for I was determined to go. The poor woman then protested to me that she would not leave me; that her only anxiety was on my account; and that as I had determined to escape by the window, she would not go away until she saw me at the bottom. In consequence, after fastening the rope round a kind of large pin attached to the window, I recommended to the good Frances to take care it did not unfasten; and after expressing how much I felt at the proofs of attachment she showed me, I put my leg over the window, and committed myself to the fatal rope. Scarcely had I descended about half the distance, namely, thirty feet, when the rope broke, and I fell senseless; not, however, before I heard the good Frances

exclaiming, "Ah! mother of God! he is killed! The poor child!" In fact, I lay like a dead person for more than a quarter of an hour. When I opened my eyes, I was struck with the brightness of the moon, and found myself in the sea, up to my middle in water. I suffered very much in the loins, and in the right foot, which I thought I had merely sprained, thanks to the sand on which I had fallen. But after waiting some time for the boat which Beaujolais was to bring me, I resolved to cross the harbour by swimming, and then to proceed in the best way I could to the house of rendezvous, or to any other in which I might be in safety.*

I then perceived by the excessive pain I felt, that I had broke my leg; and my strength failing me, I had the greatest difficulty in

* I learned afterwards, that Beaujolais, not finding me arrive, would have immediately taken a boat to come in search of me; but, in spite of all his offers, he could not prevail on a single boatman to go out of the harbour at that hour.

making five or six fathoms to get hold of the harbour chain, and rest myself on it. It was not yet shut, and I flattered myself, that before it was, some vessel would pass which would take me up. I had about thirty Louis with me in gold, which was the half we possessed, and Beaujolais had the other half. I was in hopes that a part of that sum, or, if necessary, the whole, would be sufficient to induce some boatman to take me up as he passed. But, no! during the two mortal hours that I remained upon the chain, seven boats passed, to each of which I made my melancholy supplications, accompanied with promises. "Who art thou then?" said they to me, "and what art thou doing there?" "I am dying; if you will only come and take me into your boat, you will not repent your trouble, and I will pay you handsomely for it."—"Oh!" said they, "we have not time!" then adding, "It can only be some worthless fellow: for what can any honest man be doing there at this hour?" They continued rowing on. During this time, I suffered martyrdom,

both physical and moral. The pain of my foot and loins had given me a violent fever, and a shivering which made my teeth chatter. I was besides up to my middle in water, and a bath of that kind in the middle of November completed my misery. Every time that I heard the noise of a boat, my hopes revived; but the shocking hard-heartedness of these men soon after replunged me into the most alarming despondency. At last, when I was beginning too lose all recollection, I heard an eighth boat approaching, when I summoned immediately all my remaining strength to address my prayer to those who were on board, and this time the answer was not so grating, without being altogether satisfactory. "We cannot at present, for we must first go home; but we shall not be long, and will return again immediately!" — "Oh! my friends, make haste; for if you do not, you will come too late; I feel I am dying!" I had the greatest difficulty in articulating those few words, and fell afterwards into a complete swoon, from which I was relieved in a quarter

of an hour's time, by the return of the boat, the men on board which lifted me up to put me into it. I was so stiff with the cold, and every part of my body felt so sore, that the operation was extremely painful. When I had got into the boat, they asked me who I was; I could scarcely stammer out a few words, but I made shift to make them understand, that as they appeared to me brave fellows, I had no doubt but their humanity would induce them to take me to the house I should name to them, without overwhelming me with questions, which I was not then in a state to answer; that in addition, I should pay them for their trouble in a way that would not make them repent it. The house I named was close at hand, and belonged to a very honest hair-dresser, named Maugin, in whom I had every confidence. One of those men immediately said, "I know who you are; I recollected you immediately, from having frequently seen you in the fortress, when the national guard was on duty there; but I will take no advantage of you, and you

may make yourself easy. I am a good royalist, and I will take you to Maugin, who is a friend of mine." This assurance tranquillized me greatly; little did I expect what happened immediately after. As they were obliged, in landing me, to take the same precautions which had been necessary just before, to put me into the boat, it allowed time and opportunity to some idlers passing along the quay, to stop and satisfy their curiosity. "So! here is a man wounded! Where have they brought him from? What could have put him into that state?" Several others assembled around them, and a crowd was collected in a moment. "Oh! 'tis nothing at all," said my protector; "We have just found this man, who, from his apparent drunkenness, has been fighting with some one, and got wounded; we are taking him home." At that moment one of the spectators approached, and after examining me very closely, called out, in his frightful language! "Oh, b—t him! he is one of the Orleans'; I know him well: he must have

been trying to make his escape!" And immediately the guard was called, and a messenger despatched to citizen Freron, to inform him of the capture that had been made, and to take his orders respecting me. During this time I was provisionally deposited at Maugin's, with four men of the national guard, and a sentinel at his door. I asked for a surgeon, for I was suffering martyrdom, and his assistance was indispensable to me. They brought me an old man in a fine *peruque*, who, after looking at my leg, said it was then too much inflamed to allow any thing to be done with it, and only ordered some cataplasms to be applied to it until next morning. The whole night I passed in the most frightful torture of mind and body. After fancying myself almost certain of recovering my liberty, of which I had been deprived for two years and a half, I found myself all at once fallen back (probably for ever) into the infernal talons of those whose inhuman dispositions I knew by experience; and which this attempt of mine would probably inflame

more than ever. I knew not besides what had become of my brother; I was probably destined never to see him again, to be deprived of the consolation of having him for a companion; I was about to drag a solitary wretched existence, at the bottom of some dungeon, until the very moment when they would think it desirable to despatch me! These reflections, and a thousand others of the same nature, coupled with the excessive pain my leg occasioned me, completed the anguish of my situation.

That nothing might be wanting to crown it, M. Freron was pleased to add an interrogatory. He did not come himself, but sent three commissaries to save him the trouble. These gentlemen, after making an inventory of every thing that was found in my pockets, and taking possession of my money and watch (the latter of which was afterwards returned to me), commenced in this manner:—"Who art thou?"—"You know as well as I do."—"It does not signify, you must answer our ques-

tions, for it is in the name of the law we interrogate thee. Once more, what is thy name?"—"Antoine-Philippe d'Orleans."—"What were thou doing at the bottom of the wall of *Fort John*, when thou wast found there?"—"I had fallen there in an attempt to escape."—"Why didst thou seek to escape?"—"To withdraw myself from the atrocious tyranny under which I have been groaning for two years and a half, and to recover my liberty, of which I was unjustly deprived."—"What is become of thy brother?"—"I know not; I hope that he has been more fortunate than me in getting out of your hands, and that you will never see him again."—"What passport is it that was found in thy pocket, and how didst thou procure it?"—"That is what I am determined never to tell you! I know very well that I am completely in your power, and that you will not spare me; but I know also that I have nothing more to lose, and I must tell you plainly, that as the pain I suffer nearly suffocates me, I will give no further answer to

your tiresome questions." In fact, they addressed several others to me, and after some empty threats, they retired, saying to each other; "There is a little delirium in his manner." There was not, however, any as yet; but it was not long before I felt my mind was wandering. Poor Maugin, in whose house I was, was quite in despair, and paid me every possible attention. I complained that my leg was frozen, for the blood did not circulate in it; in vain did they apply to it bricks almost heated to burning; I could not feel them. I then observed to Maugin, "You see it is all useless; rid me at once of my troubles by shooting me through the head. Nobody will be displeased with you for it, and it is really the greatest service you can render me." The poor man was melted to tears, and his sensibility provoking mine, served in some degree to calm my despair.

That cruel night appeared to me an age, and as soon as it was daylight, Maugin set out to get me a skilful surgeon, and he brought me one back in a little time. He dressed my leg,

which he said had been fractured at the *calcaneum*, and bled me copiously several times, which greatly relieved me. As soon as he had done, Maugin told me in a whisper, that he had just met Beaujolais at the harbour, who, as soon as he heard of my fatal accident, wished to come and see me immediately; but that he (Maugin) had refused it, for fear of appearing to be connected with us, and that Beaujolais had returned to the fortress. A moment afterwards, I had a visit from Grippe, the commandant. "Well!" said he to me, with a ferocious and triumphant air, "This is the way, is it, that you go to the theatre? you wanted to have me guillotined, as you knew I was responsible for you; but, thank God! you have not been able to escape; and we shall take good care to prevent your playing us a trick of that sort a second time."—"It is nonsense to say that I wanted to have you guillotined, for you know perfectly that you could not be responsible for me, and that my escape exposed you to no hazard whatever. Besides, if you think you

have any reason to complain of me, you are amply revenged, for I have suffered all that it is possible to suffer, and you may spare yourself the trouble of any further reproaches."—"Hark you!" said he, "your brother is now in the fortress, and is very anxious to see you. You are about to be confined separately, and can no longer communicate with each other; but previously, I can procure you the satisfaction of seeing one other for a moment, if you wish it."—"Ah! let me see him instantly!" I exclaimed. A quarter of an hour afterwards, Beaujolais came running to me, bathed in tears. "Ah! Montpensier!" said he to me, "my poor Montpensier! how dreadfully you must have suffered!" I assured him that my bodily pain was nothing in comparison to my mental agony, and that his presence was the greatest relief to me, although I had sincerely wished never to have seen him again. I then expressed to him the warmest feelings of gratitude on account of his return. "Alas!" said he, "I am sadly afraid we shall derive no ad-

vantage from it, for we are about to be shut up separately; but without you, it was impossible for me to enjoy my liberty."* Scarcely had he uttered the words, when Grippe carried him off, in spite of our united entreaties. A few moments afterwards, one of Freron's commissaries entered, followed by some soldiers, bearing a litter. "My orders are," said he, "to have this prisoner conveyed to the hospital; let him be placed upon the litter."—"Citizen," exclaimed the surgeon, who was at my bed-side, "it is impossible to remove him in his present state without the greatest danger to his life."—"I know nothing but my orders."—"Be good enough at least to communicate to citizen Freron what I have stated to you."—"Give it me in writing." He did so, and the commissary left us; but returned shortly afterwards, saying,

* The bare mention of such an action so completely speaks its own eulogium, that it appears to me needless and impossible to add any thing to it, beyond this, that as long as I live, this trait of the most perfect friendship can never be effaced from the bottom of my heart.

that citizen Freron confirmed his former order, *whatever might be the consequence*, and merely left it to the prisoner's option, to go to the hospital, or to *Fort St. John*. I preferred the latter, from the expectation of being able to see my brother from time to time. The distance to the fortress was also considerably less than to the hospital, the latter being situated at the other end of the city; and I considered it a great point to abridge as much as possible the journey on the litter, in the midst of a curious and insolent populace. I could not altogether escape it, and there was even such a crowd assembled to see me pass, that the persons who carried me, although escorted by twenty soldiers, found the greatest difficulty in crossing to the fortress, and could not force their way, without bruising my leg in a terrible manner. I found Beaujolais waiting for me in the court yard of the fortress; he ran up to me, and told me with a joy which I warmly participated, that he believed they would not separate us. I then asked him if we were to be put into the

dungeon. "No; we are to be confined in the small apartments into which we were first put, after we left the tower." It was actually there where I was carried, followed by Beaujolais, from whom I had the great consolation of not being separated. I passed the night following my removal (which was the second since my accident) in the most excruciating agony. Beaujolais went, and obtained admission three times in the course of the night to the commandant, to get his permission for lowering the drawbridge, and sending for the surgeon. All the answer he obtained was the most stern refusal. "My brother is dying!" said he, at last; "'tis you who will be responsible for his death, if you do not allow the surgeon to be called."—"I don't care a d—n!" was the reply. "He may die if he will, that is not my business. The drawbridge must not be lowered on any account; and I will not be annoyed by any further importunities!" Beaujolais expressed his indignation, and I remained till morning in the most agonizing pain, and in a complete state

of delirium. Thanks, however, to the care and skill of the surgeon who undertook my cure, I felt after two or three days greatly relieved, and at the end of nine days the fever had entirely left me. The good and faithful Frances resumed her attendance on us immediately after our return to the fort, and she escaped with a few threats for her conduct, which had no result. Louis was equally fortunate. After accompanying Beaujolais close to the fortress, he did not make his appearance there till some hours afterwards, and affected the greatest astonishment at hearing what had happened. He was interrogated, and threatened, but he never flinched, and nothing was done to him.

The oddest circumstance was, that the only person compromised in the affair, was the secretary of the municipality; of whom we knew nothing, with whom we had not had the slightest connection, but who had signed the blank passports which we had bought for four Louis. He was arrested and kept in prison for three months, and was not released until

it was discovered that it was a clerk who had sold the passports, whom they could never lay hold of. The friend of Betemps, who had so well managed our escape, went off in the same vessel in which we were to have embarked, which sailed at day-break as had been settled. I shall never forget the dreadful sensation I experienced, when after the dreadful night of bodily and mental suffering I had passed at Maugin's, that person in the morning, looking through the window, said, "There is a vessel under sail!"—"What flag?" exclaimed I. "The Tuscan."—"That was our vessel! Oh! God! I thought now to have had my freedom secured! I thought now to have been with my poor brother, giving ourselves up to the liveliest transports of joy! But instead of that ——what a cruel contrast!"

It was forty days before I could leave my bed, or stand upon my legs, and even then I could only walk two or three paces with the greatest difficulty, and supported on each side. I was lame for fifteen months from my accident;

and the inflammation in my leg was not completely removed until that time. But we must return to the fortress, where we have still some months to pass, and we could not flatter ourselves even then with getting so cheaply out of it.

The depreciation of the assignats increased daily to such a degree, that although they had consented to increase in the same proportion the wretched pittance allowed us for our support, we found ourselves at last reduced to the sum of forty sous per day in specie, for us two, and our two servants, Louis and Frances. It is true that these *forty sous* bore the brilliant denomination of *two thousand francs*, which certainly was a most magnificent allowance; but in spite of this magnificence *of words*, we perceived but too truly, that after paying for our meat, our vegetables, our wood, and our coals, we only actually received but forty sous. We should never have been able to exist at all, had it not been for the small sum of money which I have spoken of already; and also for

some trifling sums which my mother contrived to send us from time to time. At last, about the month of March or April, 1796, the assignats being no longer of the least value, every one refusing to take them, we *petitioned* the administrators to pay us in specie. Their reply was, they could only give us assignats, that we should have them as long as we liked, but not a farthing in money. We thanked them for their paper, which was of no use to us, and made the best shift we could with the little we had, and what my mother sent to us. During this time, we never ceased pressing upon her to solicit in our favor the execution of the decree for the exchange of the members of the Bourbon family remaining in France, against the four or five representatives of the people detained in Austria. This decree had been in a great measure executed, as the representatives had been restored the moment Madame, the daughter of Louis XVI. was allowed to leave France; but our lot underwent no change; and we had to complain of an indifference which did not

allow us to see any end to our captivity. Such a state of existence it is impossible to accustom oneself to, and we felt it so by melancholy experience. For although we had been three years in prison, the impatience we felt to get out of it was at least as strong as at the beginning of our confinement. My mother promised, by every post, to obtain our release the first possible moment; she even fixed a time when we might calculate upon it; but that time always passed without the act of liberation taking place. She had recommended us not to *petition*, but when she told us. She did tell us; we petitioned, and things still remained in the same state. About the middle of May, she wrote to us that her excellent and constant friend, Madame de la Charce,* was about to proceed to Marseilles, furnished with every thing that we had been so long looking for. We waited her arrival at Marseilles with the greatest impatience. The good Maugin, whom we had

* One of the duchess's ladies.

instructed to be on the watch, came and announced it to us with the greatest eagerness; he had seen her, had spoken to her, and she would be at the fortress in a moment. When she made her appearance, she became almost ill at the sight of us, and melted into tears. We embraced her, questioned her as to what she had brought us, and then —— we were mortified to hear that our liberty was still to *come*, and that she had only brought letters, some verbal instructions, and some presents from my mother. We felt the greatest disappointment, but we concealed it from her as well as we could. We listened with the greatest interest to the particulars she gave us respecting my mother, her captivity, &c. &c.,* and besides it was impos-

* In the month of September, 1793, in virtue of a law concerning the suspected, the duchess of Orleans was arrested and imprisoned in the Luxembourg, where she every day expected to be led to death. Madame Elizabeth had mounted the scaffold in June, 1794. The duchess of Orleans was ordered to be transferred from the Luxembourg to the Conciergerie; this was the signal of her death. The

sible not to be affected in the strongest degree, with the proofs of attachment and sensibility which that excellent lady showed us. After this, she never ceased a single day, up to the period of our liberation, from coming to our melancholy residence, to soften, by her attentions, the bitterness of our fate.

At the beginning of June, the officer who had been commandant of the fort at the period of

courageous virtue of an obscure individual, Benoit, the keeper of the Luxembourg, saved the princess. Under pretence that she appeared too ill, he refused to deliver her to the agents sent by the committee of Public Safety to remove her to the Conciergerie; to this refusal the duchess of Orleans entirely owed her life. They attempted, however, to steep her in humiliations; they actually confined a prostitute in the same cell with a lady, whose virtues so distinguished her. —— However, the 9th Thermidor, 27th July, 1795, put an end to the excesses of the terrorists. The duchess was removed to a *maison de santé* (maison Belhomme, Rue Charonne), where she at least enjoyed some liberty. It was then only that she could, with any hopes of success, employ herself with the fate of her children. *Editor.*

the massacre, was brought into it as a prisoner. The jacobins had sworn his destruction, and threatened loudly to come and *expedite* him themselves, if he was not speedily sacrificed. They also announced their intention of including us in this *expedition*, accusing *those infamous Capets* (so they styled us), of having assisted in the massacre. Pagès, the ex-commandant,* sent word to us from his cell, by the keeper, who was fortunately a brave and honest man, that he knew positively, by his advocate, that we were to be implicated in the proceedings against him, of which he gave us notice, that the astonishment excited in us by such an accusation, might not be fatal to us.—There only wanted this to complete the horror of our lot. It was quite evident, that if they were determined to bring us before a tribunal, they would take care to be provided with false witnesses, and judges *à-la-Robespierre*, who

* This unfortunate man, sometime after our release from prison, was tried by a jacobin commission, who had him shot, as an accomplice in the massacre.

would be satisfied with nothing less than sending us to the guillotine. But although the jacobins had at that time a considerable preponderance, they were not all-powerful; they had not even a majority in any one of the administrations. Had it not been for that circumstance, we should have been infallibly (although two years had elapsed since the death of Robespierre) the victims of their horrible machinations. We were far, however, from being entirely safe; for if the means of judicial assassination failed them, those of pure and simple assassination were within their reach. Such they actually tried; but, thank God! ineffectually. One evening, when Madame de la Charce had returned to her hotel; after, as was her custom, passing the greater part of the day with us; Maugin, the good and faithful hair-dresser, who had given us so many proofs of attachment, came running in, his face covered with perspiration, and pale as death: "I have just heard five or six of the most villainous jacobins talking in the most violent

way about you and Pagès, and they have agreed to come and *pay you a visit* (that was their expression) as soon as it is dark. I have apprized the keeper, on whom you may rely; and I tell you of it, that in case they penetrate into the fortress, you may be sufficiently barricaded to defend yourself here some time, until the alarm is given, and assistance is sent to you." We thanked Maugin most heartily, and were preparing to turn his warning to account. The very moment he went out, Louis arrived quite out of breath, crying out in his *patois*, "Quick! quick! the iron bar against the door! These rascally jacobins have got into the fortress; I have seen them!" No sooner said than done. The iron bar we possessed was fastened across the door, besides a spit placed obliquely, so that we reckoned on being able to hold out at least twenty minutes. After completing all these preparations for defence, Louis told us, that while he was drinking in the canteen, he saw seven or eight jacobins throw themselves upon the keeper, in order to get his

keys from him, having first asked him to give them up; that the guard appeared to take no part; but that the keeper defended himself with all his might. We had a short time before procured a pair of pistols, which Louis brought for us; we loaded them, and each of us primed one, resolved to sell our lives as dearly as we could. Louis armed himself with a large kitchen knife, and Frances began crying. A minute after, we heard a great disturbance on the side of the first court, during which we kept a most profound silence. At last the noise ceased, and our anxiety diminished when we found that half an hour had elapsed without the *visit being paid*, and that every thing seemed quiet in the fortress. An hour more elapsed without any thing happening. We could not send any one to reconnoitre, for the orders of the sentinel who guarded our door were, to allow no one to go out after dark: besides, we did not wish to undo the barricade. After talking some time of our sharp alarm, and expressing our pleasure at its removal, we lay down, and

soon fell asleep. There is good reason for saying, that there are *graces of state*, and this sleep, in such a situation, was no small one. Towards midnight we were suddenly awoke by repeated knocking at our door. Never was waking more frightful! Frances uttered a piercing shriek. We jumped out of our beds and ran to the door, fully determined not to open it. "What do you want?" cried I,—"You have no right to shut yourselves up in this manner, and we insist on coming in!"—"Tell us first who you are."—"The night-watch."—"We have never been subjected to the night-watch, and whoever you may be, and whatever are your intentions, we shall certainly not open to you." We allowed them to break out into threats, and made no farther answer. They went their way, and we began to breathe again. I really believe, that if this scene had lasted much longer, poor Frances would have died, for she had already fainted. We laid down a second time. In another hour a second alarm, and second disturbance at the

door. This time we made no answer, and soon after the noise entirely ceased.

Next morning we learned that these two nocturnal alarms had only been occasioned by a drunken corporal, who had taken it into his head to make a night-round in all the prisons of the fort. At any other time we should certainly have been more incensed than frightened; but coming immediately on the heels of the warning given us, the effect was as complete as it is possible to imagine. As to the result of the jacobin attempt, we learned that the guard had come to the assistance of the keeper, and forced the party to retire.

Towards the middle of August, the commandant of the fort, named Moriancourt, who, although somewhat of a jacobin, was not a wicked man, and seemed even well disposed towards us, came to see us one day, and expressed the sorrow he felt at seeing us in so miserable a situation. He offered to alleviate it as much as was in his power; that is, to give us a better lodging, and liberty to walk

about in the fortress as much as we liked, without having a sentinel, or any one to accompany us; on condition, however, that we would give him our word of honor not to make our escape. We accepted his offer with joy and gratitude; not, however, without feeling some regret at finding ourselves thus prevented from attempting our escape, but flattering ourselves, from my mother's promises, which were then more positive than ever, that this engagement would not be productive of any inconvenience to us. Two days after we were installed in a very good lodging, commanding a view of the sea, and which had formerly been a part of the commandant's apartments. We thus recommenced the enjoyment of the privilege of walking about the fort; and these alleviations gave us the greater pleasure, from being regarded as the forerunners of our liberation. At first we had some reason for thinking that, however well disposed Moriancourt might be towards us, he would not have ventured on such a step, unless

he had been authorized by superior powers. We took care, however, as may be supposed, not to let him see what we thought, or make him suspect that we attributed his good treatment to the expense we had been at to get into his good graces, by making him a number of little presents which he was good enough not to refuse. Besides, others, who were as little scrupulous on that score, had behaved so infamously notwithstanding, that we really felt ourselves obliged by that kind of fidelity to his engagements. He did not limit his favors to the alleviations I have just mentioned; for he allowed us to bathe in the sea, at the bottom of the fort; but he did not disguise from us, that for this last act of mildness we were indebted to General Willot,* who had just arrived at Marseilles, with very extensive powers. The anti-jacobin measures which that officer adopted immediately after

* This general officer was appointed governor of Corsica, since the Restoration; he died very recently.

his arrival completely changed the face of affairs. The jacobins no longer showed their faces; several of the most guilty were imprisoned, and the others concealed themselves. Our commandant affected to repeat that he had always detested that cursed race; but he forgot that we had heard him talk in a very different tone; or rather, he was not ashamed, like so many others, of being always on the side of the strongest.

Be that as it may, we enjoyed heartily the favorable change in our situation; but we could not forget that although our cage was widened, it was not less a cage, and on that account, hateful. Besides, the keys of it might before long, again fall into the hands of our bitter enemies; and who could doubt their disposition to make up for lost time? We resolved to communicate these considerations to my mother, in the most precise and detailed manner; for although she was urgently soliciting our liberation, she appeared to demur to some of the conditions attached to it, particu-

larly to that of our going to America. A voyage to Cochin-China or Japan would have appeared delightful to us, if our liberty had been the price of it. Finally, we earnestly begged her to consider, that by obstinately refusing that condition, which appeared advantageous to us, and insisting on others which appeared to us very little, she exposed her children, not only to the daggers of the jacobins, who might again possess themselves of power, but to the still more dreadful danger, in my opinion, of perpetual imprisonment. To these observations we added a detailed narrative of all that the jacobins of Marseilles had been latterly attempting against us: Madame de la Charce added her notes to it, and we entrusted the whole to the care of the good Maugin, who offered to become our messenger, and whom we immediately despatched to Paris.

It may be easily imagined with what impatience we expected his return! We had a whole month to pass in this suspense, as our faithful messenger did not return till the end of

that time. He still brought us nothing but promises; but these were of so positive a kind, that we began to indulge our hopes. My mother informed us, that notwithstanding the extreme repugnance which she had personally to our crossing the seas to reside in another part of the world; yet, as our happiness was the first consideration in her eyes, she had consented to a measure, which under the present circumstances appeared to be the principal condition of our liberation; that in consequence the Directory were about to issue an order for our removal from the odious Fort St. John, and our immediate embarkation for America; as soon as she (my mother) had received the intelligence of our eldest brother's departure for that part of the world; for the members of the Directory had exacted of her to ask him to make that sacrifice, as the condition of our being set at liberty.

He answered without hesitation, that it was his greatest happiness to be able to contribute to an event that he had long and zealously

desired. Nothing therefore remained, but to hear of his departure from Hamburgh; for the suspicious government would not issue their decree, until they were certified of that event. That news at last arrived, and the decree was immediately signed,* and we received the

* The duchess of Orleans had written to the duke of Orleans, her eldest son, to intreat him to leave Europe. "Let the prospect of soothing the misfortunes of thy poor mother, (said she) of rendering the situation of thy brothers less painful, and of contributing to secure the tranquillity of thy native country, exalt thy generosity!" The duke of Orleans immediately returned the following answer to his mother. "When my dearest mother will receive this letter, her orders will have been executed, and I shall have taken my departure for America ..... I fancy myself only in a dream, when I think how soon I shall embrace my brothers, and be again united with them: it is difficult for me to persuade myself of it, me, who could formerly have hardly believed a separation possible. I do not say this by way of lamenting my situation; I have felt but too strongly, that it might have been ten times worse. I shall hardly think myself even unfortunate, if after having rejoined my brothers, I learn that our beloved mother is as well as she can be; and that I have been once more able to serve my

agreeable news of it in the beginning of October from General Willot. The joy which it gave us can be more easily imagined than described; it was not, however, without some alloy. The order was issued, but its execution appeared to incur considerable delay, from the choice of a vessel, its equipment, &c. all which would take at least a month. During that time it was to be feared that many things might happen which would plunge us again into our frightful captivity.

The commissary of marine, to whom the execution of the order was entrusted, was polite enough to come and see us, and did not disguise from us the pecuniary restrictions which were recommended hy the Directory in the arrangements to be made. He told us that he

country, by contributing to its tranquillity, and consequently to its happiness. There are no sacrifices which I think too great for it; and as long as I live, there are none which I am not prepared to make to it!" *Extracted from a work in* 4 *vols.* attributed *to M. de F*——; the object of which is to explain the History of the Orleans' Conspiracy, by Monjoie.

had orders to pay for our passage on board a vessel, which the United States Government had freighted for the purpose of carrying home the Americans who had been ransomed from slavery at Algiers, amounting to more than eighty in number. "The vessel," added he, "is small, dirty, and inconvenient; and with so great a number of passengers you will be extremely uncomfortable."—"Much better off than here," answered I; "and, for Heaven's sake! think of nothing but of shipping us off as soon as possible!"—"But by waiting a little longer, you will certainly find a better opportunity."—"Nothing can be worse in our eyes than to be kept waiting here in that manner, and if we were even put at the bottom of the hold, we should infinitely prefer it to a further residence here."—"Very well," said the good commissary to us; "every thing in my power shall be done to gratify your wishes speedily, and at the same time to make you as comfortable as you can be in such a vessel." In spite of his good intentions and assiduity, the matter

could not go on quickly, for the ransomed Americans had still three weeks longer quarantine to undergo, and the vessel could not depart until they were released from it. Under such circumstances three weeks appeared to us like so many centuries.

Since the arrival of the decree, however, our imprisonment may be said to have ceased in fact, although not in name; but the mere name, added to the chances of every moment being coupled with the reality, was sufficient to poison the moments of freedom we already enjoyed. We went out almost every evening at dusk, with the commandant Moriancourt, who only concealed himself in that way on account of the jacobins, for he had General Willot's sanction; sometimes we went to the theatre in a small box, where we could not be seen; sometimes also we went to sup with Madame de la Charce, at her hotel, where great joy was felt on both sides; but that joy was not without anxiety, for the jacobins gave us continual uneasiness. If Moriancourt

happened to see one, when we were going along the streets together, he pretended that he should be dismissed, denounced, and ruined! If any person knocked rather loudly at the door, it must be some officer of the municipality, or administrator, who suspected we were there, and had come to satisfy himself of the fact. On the other hand, these gentlemen having actually discovered our nocturnal sallies, went and denounced them to the general, who was perfectly aware of them, but was obliged to make a great noise about it, to deny the fact, and to recommend us privately not to quit the fort, until he could take us out of it entirely, which would be very shortly. A few days before that happy event, the commandant was arrested by General Willot, and put in close confinement for allowing two celebrated jacobins to escape, who were under his charge, and whose accomplice he was more than suspected to be. This unfortunate man was about to be tried by a military commission, and would in all probability have suffered death, if we had

not most urgently solicited, and obtained, his pardon from General Willot, who was president of the commission. "I can refuse you nothing," said he to us; "and therefore willingly accede to your solicitations; but nothing less would have induced me to save a wretch, whom I could easily have convicted of the basest venality. He has been very lucky to procure your intercession for him by his conduct towards you, and though that conduct has, I am satisfied, not been always disinterested, I promise you he shall be pardoned; and also that he shall know to whom he is indebted for it." We made every acknowledgment to the general which such an action deserved, begging him, however, to let Moriancourt remain in ignorance of the share we had in this act of clemency.

After waiting with inexpressible impatience the termination of the quarantine of the future companions of our voyage, we learned that it was about to finish, from the United States' Consul (Mr. Cathalan), who came to apprize

us of it, and behaved to us in every way in the kindest manner. He not only refused, in the name of his government, to receive the price of our passage to America, but by a variety of arrangements, which he effected with the greatest politeness, he smoothed all the difficulties which might otherwise have retarded our departure. He even went so far as to propose that we should live in his house, and offered to become responsible for us, for the time that might elapse until the departure of the vessel. General Willot would have willingly consented to this arrangement, but the commissary of the government, to whom the execution of that part of the decree was entrusted, vehemently opposed it; and insisted that we should not leave the fort until we were ready to embark. "Very well," said the general, "let them be embarked immediately." —"I consent," replied the other, "provided they have a guard of fifty grenadiers on board, until the moment the vessel sets sail."—"As to the grenadiers," said the general, "that is my

business, and I will take care of that." At the end of this conference, of which, as may be supposed, we knew nothing until afterwards, the good general Willot sent one of his aides-de-camp to request us, in the politest and kindest manner, to allow him to come and dine with us that very day, as he could not receive us in his own house, which he would have been happy to do, had circumstances allowed it. This message appeared to us to augur well, and gave us great pleasure, without, however, our knowing the real motive of it. At last, about three o'clock, the general came, and after apologizing for the liberty he had taken, asked if we were not prepared for some agreeable news. "Yes," was our reply; "we have been assured that our vessel will be ready in a very few days; but it is long since we have been told the same thing, and we still remain in this melancholy fort!"—"What would you say if I came to take you out of this melancholy fort?"—"Oh! that is impossible!"—"Very well, then, you must know that I have come on

purpose to have the pleasure of telling you myself, that this very evening you are to quit this prison, which you have had so much reason to hate."—"What! to quit it for ever?" —"Certainly; unless you are desirous of returning to it." At these words, which we could scarcely credit, we looked at one another steadfastly, then threw ourselves into each other's arms; we began to cry, to laugh, to jump about; in short, for a quarter of an hour we exhibited every sign of complete derangement. When these first transports were over, the general informed us, that although the vessel would not be ready to sail for five or six days, he was about to convey us on board (for form's sake), along with the commissary of the government, who wished to be present at our embarkation; that in less than a quarter of an hour afterwards, he would send a boat to carry us on shore to the house of the American consul, Cathalan, where we were to lodge, and from whence we might go about afterwards where we pleased; taking care, however, not to

show ourselves too much in the day time. We made our most heartfelt acknowledgments to the excellent man to whom we were indebted for this foretaste of liberty, and sat down to table, not to eat, but to indulge our excessive joy, which, as well as grief, destroys the appetite. After dinner, the arrival of the commissary of the government was notified to us. That person entered the room without saluting any one, walked up to general Willot, and in the most insolent tone said to him, "General, I did not expect to find you here!" —"Citizen," said the other, without appearing to guess at his motive, "we soldiers are accustomed to great punctuality, and I did not wish to be otherwise on this occasion." Immediately after, the keeper of the prisons of the fort was called in, and we saw, with no small emotion, our names erased from the jailor's book, where they had been so long stationary. The act of our liberation was registered, and when all these formalities were completed, we were informed that we were at liberty to go.

It is impossible to describe the sensation I experienced on crossing the drawbridge, and contrasting with the present moment, the frightful periods when I crossed it before—the first time on my entrance into that odious fort, where I remained two years and a half, and the second, on my unfortunate attempt to escape from it. The delightful idea that I was crossing it for the last time, could with difficulty impress itself on my mind, and I really could not help fancying myself in a dream, from which I was in dread every moment of being awoke. On our exit from the fort, we found a numerous detachment of grenadiers, who accompanied us to the sloop, on board of which we embarked with general Willot, and the commissary of the government; every thing was arranged as we had been told, and after remaining a quarter of an hour on board our vessel, we repaired to the house of the consul Cathalan, who received us with open arms, and where we found Madame de la Charce, and general Willot. There we passed in the most agreeable manner the

five or six days previous to our embarkation. We were true night-birds, only going out in the evenings, which we generally spent at the theatre, and the rest of the time passed very pleasantly. We were, however, still too near our infernal abode, and too much exposed every moment to be again plunged into it, to feel otherwise than anxious for our departure. We were therefore overwhelmed with joy, when it was announced to us that our vessel would set sail the following morning. We never closed our eyes that night, and on the 5th of November, 1796, at seven o'clock in the morning, we repaired on board with the general, the consul Cathalan, and the good Madame de la Charce. Maugin and poor Frances would also accompany us, to bid us farewell. The citizens of Marseilles, also, being informed of our departure, collected in crowds to see us. The harbour and the environs were covered with people. The fort was lined with persons at the windows and on the parapets, the greatest part congratulating us on our liberation, some of them

envying our lot, and not a few wishing that a good sucker might be applied to our vessel, and speedily rid them of two members of that *odious race*.

During this time, general Willot expressed to us hastily his best wishes for our fortunate voyage, and for our more fortunate return; his devotion to the good cause; and the hope of proving useful to it, sooner or later. The good Madame de la Charce, being quite heart broken, and ready to faint, was obliged to quit the vessel without taking leave; poor Frances wept bitterly; and the honest Maugin showed his attachment to us in his own way. At last the anchor was heaved, the sails set, such as remained in France got hastily into their boats, and a thousand adieus were uttered at once. A favorable breeze springing up, we soon lost sight of that country in which we had been made so miserable, but for whose happiness and prosperity we never ceased to offer up prayers.

The wind having become unfavorable shortly

afterwards, and having detained us twenty-three days in the Mediterranean, we were obliged to put into Gibraltar. General O'Hara, who was then the governor, made the short stay we made there extremely pleasant. His attentions were the more flattering, from the contrast they presented to what we had been so long accustomed to. His conduct to us, in every respect, was the presage of the generous hospitality which we afterwards experienced in England.

After a very long and tedious passage of ninety-three days, we arrived in America. All our misfortunes were, if not forgotten, greatly alleviated by the idea, that we were again in possession of our liberty, and by the inestimable blessing of pressing once more to our bosoms a beloved brother, whom we had so long despaired of ever seeing again.

THE END.

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